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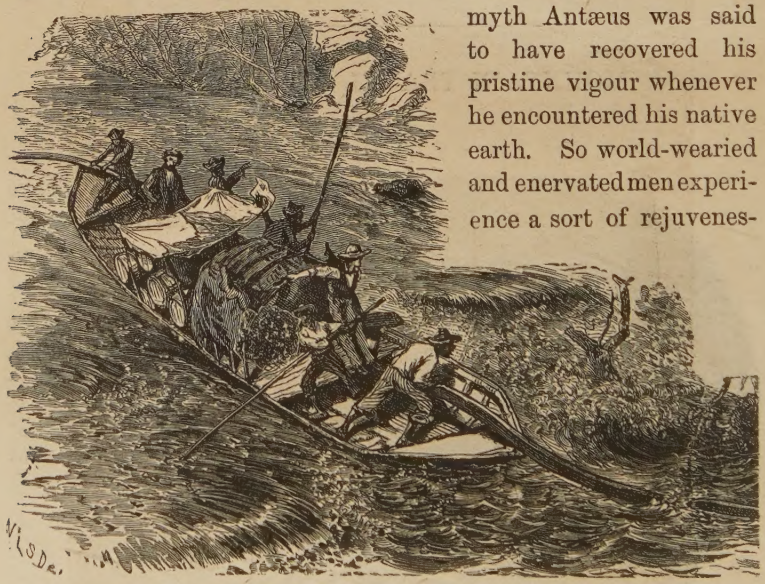
MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN VIRGINIA.

I.

DEEP CUT, CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

ONE need not leave the American continent to seek for scenery as picturesque and sublime as is to be found almost anywhere on the face of the earth. The magnificent canyons of the Frazer River and the Rocky Mountains, in the western portions of our own Dominion; the wonders of the Yosemite, unrivalled by any Swiss valley; and the mountain regions of the Alleghanies, present combinations of the sublime and beautiful not to be anywhere surpassed. The sequestered byways of mountain travel in Virginia have not yet been so invaded by the fashionable world as to be deprived of their character of primitive simplicity. It is quite a grateful relief from the rush and crush, the heat and hurry of life near the great commercial centres, to see and share

the easy-going *nonchalance* of rural life in the western highlands of the Old Dominion. The slow ox or mule-cart creaks along its winding way with a deliberation that forbids all thought of excitement or worry. The occasional passage of a railway train seems an almost discordant incident in the quiet of the scene. But the air of repose which invests the grass-grown precincts of the railway station neutralizes the effect of the infrequent rush and scream of the trains. The all-pervading calm and quiet is an admirable sedative to nerve and brain, jaded and exhausted by the keen competitions of active business life. In classic myth Antæus was said to have recovered his pristine vigour whenever he encountered his native earth. So world-wearied and enervated men experience a sort of rejuvenes-



Running New River Rapids.

cence when brought into contact with the great heart of nature, and from her calm maternal founts their spirits drink repose. This is, we think, the chief charm of mountain travel. The sublime eternal peace of the great mountains of God rebukes our restless changefulness. By communing with their silent solitude our spirits are chastened and subdued, life's fevered pulse beats more calmly, and our individual littleness, amid the vastness of creation, suggests thoughts of lowliness and self-depreciation.

A striking characteristic of this mountain region of Virginia is the swiftness of its river currents and the dangerous navigation of its waters. The skill, however, with which the negro

boatmen will steer their fragile market boats, by means of strong sweeps at bow and stern, down the arrowy rapids, can be paralleled by the consummate canoe-craft of our own Canadian Indians.

An important business of the country is the rafting of timber from the vast forests of the interior to the great lumber marts of the East. The raftsmen are a bold, adventurous set of fellows,

RAFTING TIMBER ON THE GREENBRIER RIVER.

whose feats of balancing, as they shoot down a rapid on a log rapidly revolving beneath them, put to shame the exploits of the professional gymnast or acrobat. On account of their wandering life and remoteness from the centres of religious influence, comparatively little has been done for the spiritual welfare of these hard-handed sons of toil. While possessing many generous and noble traits of character, they are, in too many instances, addicted to habits of intemperance and of profanity.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

MARTIGNY—FREIBURG.*

AUBERGE AT THE CHAPEAU, MOUNT BLANC.

MY experience as a "tramp" on the Wengern Alp and Gemmi Pass had given me enough of walking for awhile, so I resolved to ride over the mountains from Martigny to Chamonix. Repairing, therefore, to the "Bureau of Guides," I engaged a mule and attendant for the following day. The head guide urged me to take the easier route by the Col de Balme, but I insisted on the more rugged but vastly grander route by Salvan. The guide, therefore, wrote out an agreement in duplicate, which we both signed as formally as if the bargain were to go to the North Pole. It was quite a curiosity in its way, and ran thus: "Un guide et un mulet pour Chamonix, par Salvan et par Gorge du Trient, et source de l'Arveiron. Hotel Clerc a 7 heures matin. Prix 20f. et le pour boire.—Le guide chef, Rouville."

Mounting my mule, with knapsack strapped on behind the saddle, I rode down the broad Rhone Valley to the Gorge du Trient. Dismounting, I penetrated a narrow cleft in the mountain through which tears a foaming torrent. It is grand and

* For the cuts that illustrate this and succeeding articles I am indebted to Daniel Beatty's interesting book, "In Foreign Lands."

gloomy, stern and savage—not beautiful. No ray of sunlight ever pierces the dark defile. Over the brawling torrent hangs a wooden gallery, suspended by a wire rope; on either side rise, for hundreds of feet, walls of wave-worn rock, and through a narrow rift gleams down a riband of bright blue sky.

Remounting my mule, the guide turned to what seemed an almost perpendicular forest-clad cliff. No trace of path was visible till we reached its base. Then by over twenty zig-zags we wound ever higher and higher up the mountain side, crossing as often a foamy torrent. The valley of the Trient sank deeper and deeper, till it lay nearly three thousand feet beneath us. The mule-track wound along a narrow ledge, and the mule would persist in walking on its very outermost verge. But the guide stalked ahead without concern, and the mule nodded his head and flapped his ears in a very contemplative and sagacious manner, and "you saw he was thinking, thinking much"—the mule, not the guide—"though never a word did he speak." So I suppose there was no very great danger, though it looked really frightful. We seemed to hang on the very "brink of forever." The poet's lines somewhat describe the situation:

> "And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
> I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
> Behold the tall pines dwindling into shrubs,
> In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
> A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
> My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
> To rest forever."

But no words can give an adequate conception of the growing grandeur of the scene. Behind was the snowy St. Bernard. In front came gradually into view the mighty dome of Mount Blanc. There it gleamed against the deep blue sky, like—so it seems to mortal thought—the great white throne of God in the heavens. The winding path, the deep ravine, the balm-breathing pines, the brilliant sun-lighted foliage, the fragrant mountain flowers—violets, harebells, anemones, and *les clochettes*, or fairy-bells, and little blue forget-me-nots—that swing their sweet censers in the perfumed air—it was like the Delectable Mountains in Bunyan's vision, and the broad grassy valley of Chamonix gleamed in the distance like the asphodel meadows of the land which the pilgrims saw afar off. At one point of the Tete-Noire

Pass, the road pierces through a tunnel, while far below brawls the raging torrent, clearly seen, but at this distance unheard.

The noon-day rest, at the summit of the pass, in full view of the highest peak in Europe, with the lunch of bread and goat's milk cheese, strawberries and cream, was an hour of deep delight. But the afternoon ride down hill into the Vale of Chamonix was one of excessive fatigue. Jolt, jolt, went that dreadful mule, till every joint seemed dislocated. I was glad to dismount and walk by way of rest. But the Monarch of Mountains, in his lonely majesty, rises every moment higher and higher. With a good glass—after sweeping up its broad zones of pine-forest, bare rock, glacier, and everlasting snow—I could see four black figures like emmets, which, I was told, were men climbing the mountain. But with all its grandeur, Mount Blanc will not compare with the immortal loveliness of the Jungfrau, the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland.

Alpine Road and Tunnel.

Never was more weary wight than he who dismounted from his mule at the Hotel des Alpes at Chamonix. Ben Johnson cynically says that one's warmest welcome is always at an inn. It is amusing to witness the affectionate solicitude of the Swiss host for his guests' welfare. As they ride up to the door, a lackey in waiting rings a large warning bell. Then three or four waiters in swallow-tails, or valets in uniform, swarm out to assist the travellers to dismount, and the *maitre d'hotel* gives them most unctuous greeting, and assigns them rooms in turn, to which they are conducted by neat *femmes de chambre* in Bernese costume and snowy cap. At the dining table one's seat corresponds with the number of his room. At a signal from the head-waiter, his well-trained subordinates file in and out like automatic figures, with the several courses. These are almost invariably as follows: Soup, fish, roast, vegetables alone, chicken and salad together, dessert and fruit. Dinner generally lasts an hour, but after a hard day's work one does not grudge the time, and it ives an opportunity to study the varied phases of tourist char-

acter, of many lands and many tongues, thus brought together. Some of my pleasantest recollections of travel are of the numerous charming acquaintances made at the *table d'hote*. In the evening there is frequently a parlour concert of really good music by native performers—perhaps by Tyrolese in their picturesque costume, warbling their sweet mountain airs.

A party of Cook's American tourists had invaded the village, filled the hotels, and monopolized all the available mules. So next day I set out afoot to climb the Montanvert, cross the Mer de Glace, and return by the Chapeau. The weather was superb. After a climb of 3,000 feet there burst upon the sight a magnificent view of the motionless billows of the Sea of Ice, sweeping in a gigantic cataract down a lateral valley. One may trace its upward course for six miles—like a stormy sea frozen instantaneously into glittering ice. In its resistless onward glide it is rent into a thousand deep crevasses, descending to unknown depths. Just beyond this ice sea is a group of gigantic granite needles, one—the Aiguille Verte—piercing the sky to the height of 13,540 feet. No snow can rest upon their splintered pinnacles. Thunder-scarred and blasted, and riven by a thousand tempests, they seem, like Prometheus, to defy the very heavens; and in their awful and forever inaccessible desolation were, I think, the sublimest objects I ever beheld.

On the Mer de Glace.

In company with an English gentleman I crossed the Mer de Glace without a guide. Leaving the beaten track, we strolled up the glacier, which rolled in huge ridges and hollows for miles up the valley. Many of the crevasses were filled with water clear as crystal —blue as sapphire. I hurled my alpenstock into one, and after an interval it was hurled back, as if by the invisible hand of some indignant ice gnome from the fairy grottoes of his underworld. Others were empty, but we could not see the bottom. The large stones we rolled in went crashing down to unknown depths. Along the margin was a moraine of huge boulders, ground and worn by this tremendous millstone.

To reach the Chapeau one must pass along a narrow ledge, with steps hewn in the face of the steep precipice, known as the Mauvais Pas—the perilous way. The cliff towered hundreds of feet above our head, and sloped to a dizzy depth beneath our feet. This passage was once an exploit of much danger, but iron rods have been bolted into the face of the cliff, so that it is now quite safe. The view of the splintered pinnacles, "seracs," and ice-tables of the glacier was of wonderful grandeur and beauty.

I stopped for lunch at the auberge shown in the initial cut, and found the place overflowing with a hilarious company of tourists. I joined their party to descend the mountain, entered a huge ice-cave, and got well sprinkled with the falling water. From a vast arch of ice in the glacier leaps forth the river Arveiron in a strong and turbid stream, soon to join the rapid Arve. As we sat gazing on the sight, an American lady quoted with much feeling Coleridge's sublime hymn to Mount Blanc:

O Sovran Blanc,
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently.
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once, amid the maddest plunge.
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven?
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?
Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-piercing peaks,
All night long visited by troops of stars,
Or while they climb the sky or when they sink;
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven—
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God.

The sublimest aspect of Mount Blanc, I think, is when illumined with the golden glow of sunset. It seems converted into a transparent chrysophrase, burning with an internal fire. But, as the daylight fades, the fire pales to rosy red, and palest pink, and ashen gray, and ghastly white against the darkening sky.

Next morning I started with the six-horse *diligence* for the ride of fifty-three miles to Geneva. A score of passengers rode in the large open carriage, with a canopy overhead, affording an uninterrupted view of the magnificent scenery. Mount Blanc seemed to tower higher above the Titan brotherhood as we receded, and to reign in lonely majesty the monarch of the mountain world—"on his throne of rock, in his robe of cloud, with his diadem of snow." Yet amid these sublimities of nature the condition of the people was very abject. As we changed horses, hideous *cretins* came to beg. Their idiotic faces seemed to indicate only intelligence enough to hold out their palsied hands for alms. The women were toiling in the fields, and carrying on their heads, along steep mountain paths, great loads of hay, which made them look like walking haystacks. Their clothing was coarse, their cabins squalid, their food meagre and poor, and their rude life left its reflex in their rude and unintelligent features.

Few places in Europe possess greater historical interest than Geneva. For centuries it has been the sanctuary of civil and religious liberty, and its history is that of the Reformation and of free thought. The names of Calvin, Knox, Beza, Farel, the Puritan exiles, and later of Voltaire, Rousseau, Madame de Stael, and many other refugees from tyranny, are forever associated with this little republic. Geneva is the handsomest city for its size I have ever seen. It has less than 50,000 inhabitants, yet it abounds in splendid streets, squares, and gardens; public and private buildings and monuments; and its hotels are sumptuous. It lies on either side of the rapid Rhone, where it issues from the lake. The waters are of the deepest blue, and rush by with arrowy swiftness. It has many interesting historic buildings. As I was looking for the sexton of the cathedral, a Roman Catholic priest whom I accosted went for the key, and himself did the honours of the building. "This used to be ours," he said, and he pointed in confirmation to the keys of St. Peter on the outside and the beautiful Lady Chapel within. It was strange to have him point out Calvin's pulpit, his chair—in which I sat, without feeling my Arminian orthodoxy affected—and other relics of the great Reformer. Near by, I visited Calvin's house in a narrow street, but his grave is unknown, as he expressly forbade the erection of any memorial. I found, too, the house of

the "self-torturing sophist," Rousseau. It bore his bust and the inscription, "Ici est né, Jean Jacques Rousseau." On a shady island in the river is his monument—a fine bronze figure, sitting pen in hand.

In the old Gothic Hotel de Ville is a singular inclined plane leading to the upper floor, up which the councillors used to ride. The arsenal hard by contains the ladders by which, in 1602, the Spaniards tried to scale the walls, their flags, and the armour of hundreds who fell into the fosse; weapons from Sempach; the lance of Winkelried, the martyr-patriot; captured Austrian trophies, and many other objects of intense interest. A garrulous old pensioner took infinite pains to explain everything. He asked me to try on one helmet, and I attempted to do so, but could hardly lift it from the floor.

A reminiscence of Voltaire is the Rue des Philosophes. Near by, at Ferney, is his villa and the chapel which, with cynical ostentation—"sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer"—he built, bearing still the inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" The splendid monument of the Duke of Brunswick, who left his immense fortune to the town, is one of the finest in Europe. The university, museums, art galleries, and a splendid school of arts, are proof of the high culture of the little republic. In the latter institution, professors in blouses were instructing students in sculpture, modelling, repoussé work, bronze casting, wood-carving, designing; and were exceedingly courteous in their explanations of their methods. This great Dominion might learn a lesson in art culture from this little city.

In the evening twilight I walked down the Rhone to its junction with the Arve. The former flows clear as crystal from the pellucid lake; the latter rushes turbid with mud from the grinding glaciers. For a long distance the sharp contrast between the two may be traced—"like the tresses," says the poetic Cheever, "of a fair-haired girl beside the curls of an Ethiopian; the Rhone, the daughter of Day and Sunshine; the Arve, the child of Night and Frost."

I called next day to see Dr. Abel Stevens, the well-known historian of Methodism. To my regret he was in London; but I met Dr. Butler, the founder of American Methodist Missions in India and Mexico. I had met him before in Canada, and we

had a pleasant talk looking out upon the lovely lake, whose beauty recalls the lines of Byron:

> Fair Leman woos me with its crystal face,
> The mirror where the stars and mountains view
> The stillness of their aspect in each trace
> Its clear depths yield of their fair light and hue.

In the afternoon I sailed on the "Bonnivard" up the clear blue lake to the Castle of Chillon, at its upper end, stopping at these memory-haunted spots—Coppet Nyon, "Sweet Clarens," and many another famed in song and story. Splendid views were obtained of Mount Blanc, hanging like a cloud on the horizon. The sloping shores were clothed with luxuriant chestnuts, walnuts, magnolias, and vines, and crowned by tasteful villas, old castles, or magnificent modern hotels. At Montreux, in company with a German artist, I took a small boat for the Castle, which rises in sullen majesty from the waves. This gloomy tower has been used as a prison for over a thousand years. What bitter memories of wrong and sorrow could its rude walls tell! Over the gate are the mocking words, "*Gott der Herr segne den Ein- und Ausgang*"—"God bless all who go in and come out." An intelligent and pretty girl conducted us through its vaulted dungeons, the torture chamber, with its pulleys and rack, and the ancient Hall of Justice, with its quaint carving. She showed us the pillar to which Bonnivard, for six years, three centuries ago, was chained; the marks worn by his footsteps in the floor, and the inscriptions of Byron and Victor Hugo on the walls. As the afternoon light streamed through the narrow loop-holes on the arches and columns, and on the fair face of the girl, it made a picture in which Rembrandt would have revelled.

> Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod
> Until his very footsteps have left a trace,
> Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard!—may none those marks efface,
> For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I returned by rail to Lausanne, the road climbing the steep slope, and giving grand views of the lovely lake. The Hotel Gibbon, at which I stopped, was formerly the property of the great historian of the Roman Empire. I sat beneath the chest-

nut tree on the garden terrace, where he wrote the closing chapters of his history, and plucked an ivy leaf as a memento of the spot. In the great dining-room, with its gilt panelled ceiling and parquetry floor, he gave his state banquets and receptions.

But another memory of Lausanne is more lovingly cherished by millions of Methodists than that of the skeptical historian—the memory of the saintly Fletcher. After dinner, therefore, I visited the Fletcher Memorial College. This is a noble institution for the theological training of French-speaking candidates for the Wesleyan ministry. There were, at the time of my visit, eleven students in residence, and in the absence of the Rev. Mr. Cornforth, the English principal, one of them showed me the handsome chapel, Sunday-school, students' rooms, refectory, and parlours. It is, architecturally, one of the handsomest buildings in the town; and is a worthy monument, not only of the great man whom it commemorates, but of the liberality and missionary zeal of English Methodism. My young *cicerone* returned with me to my hotel, and we sat long in the glorious moonlight, listening to the music in the public square, and conversing on the religious condition of the country. There was much rationalism in the established Church, he said, which was the mere creature of the State. I witnessed a confirmation of the latter statement next day, as I saw a police office established in a church.

The old cathedral, built 1235–75, is in the massive early Gothic style. It is on a hill, reached from the market-place by a quaint covered stairway of one hundred and sixty steps. The picturesque old stone saints, with their arms and noses knocked off by the image-breaking Reformers, looked quite pathetic. One of them, St. Denis, carried his head in his hand, as if for safety, and the sculpture was stiff, archaic, and grotesque. It is quite common to see figures of angels playing on violins, and I saw one firing an arquebuse. The mail-clad knights, lying on their tombs, keep, age after age, their lonely vigils in their shadowy shrines. The old stalls are wonderfully carved. The Lady Chapel of the old Roman Catholic times was fitted up as a Sunday-school for the children, with low seats and a queer little pulpit and organ.

The bishop's castle of the 13th century is more like a feudal baron's donjon than an episcopal residence. Those stern old

bishops belonged to the Church militant, certainly. A low-browed arch, guarded by a portcullis, admits to thick-walled barbican or broad squat tower with corner turrets. Loop-holes for cross-bows and arquebuses give it a more military appearance. The old bishop evidently meant to hold his own against all comers. It is now used as a council hall, and is as quaint within as without. Yet in this mediæval-looking old town, where almost everything and everybody seemed at least five hundred years old, I saw oxen dragging rude carts up the steep streets—just as one might see in the newest and rawest backwoods village in Canada.

From Lausanne to Freiburg is a delightful ride of forty miles, through a fertile, undulating country, with fine mountain views, and picturesque towns and villages, with ancient walls, watch-towers, and castles. Freiburg is a wonderfully quaint old town, on the high bluffs of the winding Sarine. Across this are two cobweb-looking suspension bridges, one 168 feet and the other 305 feet above the river. A waggon passing over makes them undulate in a manner rather discomposing to timid nerves. A steep road, the pavement of which serves as the roof of a long row of houses, leads to the lower town, where German is chiefly spoken, as is French in the upper town. It must be rather odd for the persons living in these houses to hear the carts rattling over their heads. The old church of St. Nicholas dates from 1285. Its organ, with 67 stops and 7,800 pipes, some of them 33 feet long, is one of the finest in Europe. It is not as handsome, and apparently not as large, as that of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. I attended an organ recital, but liked it far less than that at Hofkirche, at Lucerne. The organ is very powerful, but lacks the sweet flute-like notes of the latter. The deep bass shook the solid walls. The rising rage of the storm-piece was tremendous—like chaos come again. It was at the garish hour of noon, and the market square close by was filled with noisy and homely-looking peasants, in their odd and uncouth costumes. In the church was a singular Chapel of the Sepulchre, a dim grotto with angels, the Maries, and a sleeping soldier of Swiss physiognomy, on which fell strong beams of light through narrow loopholes. It was very realistic and Rembrant-like. The choir screen was a perfect thicket of iron thorns. There was a dreadfully haggard figure of Christ on the cross, the blood dropping from the thorns on His brow over His

body—an object painful to contemplate. A "Last Judgment," over the west portal, is very grotesque. A devil with a pig's head is carrying off souls in a huge basket, weighing them in scales and casting them into hell's mouth, while a saint carries the souls of the saved to heaven in her apron.

Around the town were curious towers, very strong on the outer side, towards the enemy; but quite open on the inner side, so as to be untenable if taken.

BETTER SELF.

SOMEWHERE within the bounds of this poor flesh—
Whose life-heat first shall die—
There lives, entangled in its grosser mesh,
Another I.
An entity mysterious and divine,
Crushed down by worldly lust,
Yet striving, 'gainst this *other* self of mine,
To fill its trust.

Poor groping man, admonished by the strife
Which rent his every hour,
Called this thing "Conscience," and its life
An alien power.
But now, alas! I ope mine eyes to see,
Oppressed by want and pelf,
No stranger power, but know it still to be
My "better self."

"This above all—to thine *own* self be true"—
So runs the poet's verse;
Own self, *real* self, is "better self" in you,
And not the worse.
The other is a kind of artificial growth,
A fungus all unclean,
Which, straightway growing in our sloth,
Is chiefest seen.

O essence primitive! of God the sign,
Implanted in my breast,
Increase and spread thy reign benign,
Thy pure behest;
Till, vanquishing thy rival's might and gain—
That sordid, boastful elf—
Naught in this feeble body shall remain
But "better self."

TORONTO. —*T. C. Jeffers.*

MISSION LIFE IN SOUTHERN SEAS.

II.

Native in Summer Dress.

In 1831 a remarkable religious movement took place in the Friendly Islands, which has few parallels in the history of the Christian Church. At this time King George of Haabai visited Vavau with twenty-four sail of canoes. He and his people went on business; but their hearts were warm with their first love in the service of God; and they were bent on doing spiritual good

to the utmost of their power. Many of the objections to Christianity of the Chief of Vavau were removed, and his royal guest pleaded so effectually with him that at last he exclaimed, "Well, I will spend the next Sabbath with you in worshipping your God." Two of his wives, as well as himself, many of his ser-

NATIVE YOUTH.

vants, and many more, joined the Christians from Haabai in prayer and songs of praise on the following Sunday.

On the Monday morning after the memorable Sabbath when they first publicly bowed themselves before the Lord, the Chief gave orders that seven of the principal idols should be brought

out and placed in a row. He then addressed the spectators in this manner: "If you are gods, run away, or you shall be burned in the fire which I have prepared!" As none of them ran, the King gave orders that all the sacred houses should be set on fire. His commands were promptly obeyed, and eighteen temples with their gods were burned to ashes. It took three days to complete the work of destruction.

As no harm happened to the doers of the daring deed, they came to the conclusion that their gods must be liars, after all, and they, too, joined the praying people. All ordinary work was laid aside, and the constant cry was, "We can do our work when you are gone; let us learn to serve God while you are here." And company after company, athirst for the water of life, resorted to the Christians to receive instruction. One of these said afterwards: "I was four nights and did not sleep. I was talking with the people, reading, praying, and singing all the time."

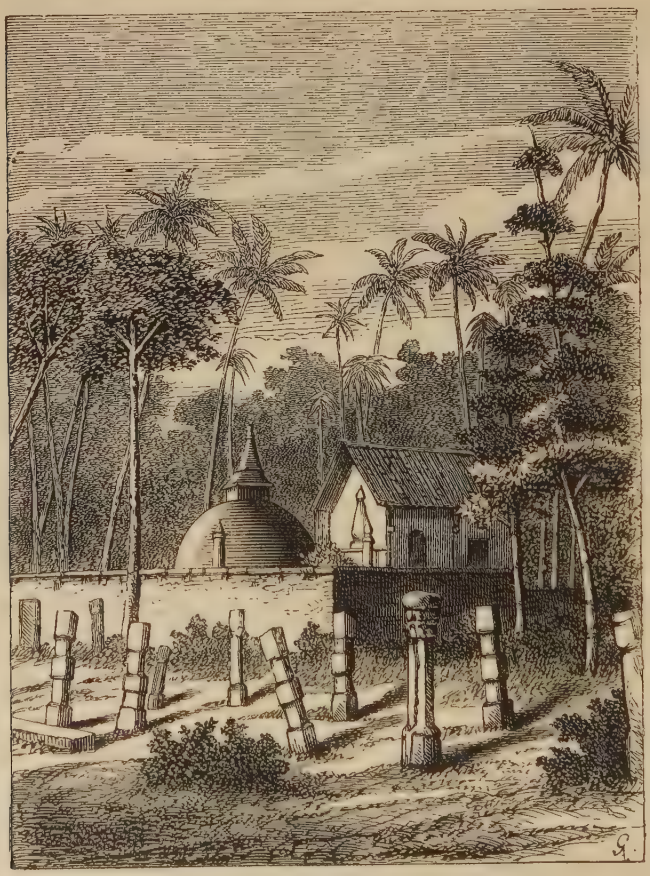
Idol worship was totally abandoned, commodious chapels erected, native churches organized, schools established; and thousands of sinners were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth by the faithful preaching of the Gospel. In the course of three months, twelve hundred natives began to meet in a class, most of whom, it is believed, were sincere seekers of salvation. At the opening of a new chapel, which would seat eight hundred persons, three thousand natives came together to take part in the services, which were necessarily held in the open air.

The progress of the mission was greatly aided by the arrival of a printing-press from England. The printing-office was besieged for several days by crowds of people, anxious to get a glance at the press in motion, and to receive the sheets as they were at first distributed among them to gratify their curiosity. In the course of nine months, 17,000 copies of books of different kinds were printed.

The work of conversion spread from village to village, and from island to island, till the whole of the people seemed to be moved by one common impulse. In a single day more than one thousand persons were converted to God. The change was not now from dumb idols merely, but from sin to holiness, and from "the power of Satan unto God." The whole island bowed before the power of God; and the society in Vavau soon increased to

3,066 members, of which number as many as 2,262 were the fruit of this extraordinary visitation from on high.

Nor were there wanting satisfactory evidences of the genuineness of this remarkable work of grace. The temper and spirit, the walk and conversion of the new converts was most exem-



Abandoned Temple.

plary. This blessed work speedily extended to the whole group. Mr. Tucker visited a small island at a short distance, where he found all the adult inhabitants, not one excepted, meeting in class; and after administering the ordinance of baptism to forty-nine persons, he regarded the whole population as members of the Christian Church.

Considering the comparative ignorance of the people, and the

shortness of the time which had elapsed since they had abandoned the worship of dumb idols, it would not have been surprising if many of the new converts had afterwards fallen away. It is a pleasing fact, however, that this was not the case. There were but few backsliders, most of the people continuing steadfast to their religious profession, "growing in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Soon after his conversion, the King liberated all his slaves, and made known his views with regard to Christian liberty throughout his dominions. Now he gave himself up to close study, and was, before long, prepared to pass his examination as a local preacher. He entered upon his new duties with fervent zeal and intelligent views of his responsibility to God and His Church; and laboured with unwearied diligence to win souls to Christ. It was a pleasing sight to the missionaries to see the royal preacher starting off in his canoe, on a Sabbath morning, to fulfil his appointment at a distant island; and still more pleasing to hear the song of praise wafted across the placid waters, ascending to heaven from the pious sailors and their zealous chief, as they glided along on their errand of mercy. At the same time Queen Charlotte was an earnest and devoted class-leader, and diligently employed her gifts for the benefit of her own sex.

Soon after his conversion, King George built a beautiful new chapel. It was the largest and most elegant building that had ever been erected in the Friendly Islands, measuring one hundred and ten feet in length by forty-five feet in width. The communion rails were made out of the carved shafts of spears, with two large obsolete war-clubs at the bottom of the pulpit stairs, to remind the people of the happy change which had been brought about by the gospel of peace and salvation.

Says a European missionary: "I spent several weeks in the company of the King, and during that period I had not observed an act contrary to the strictest Christian propriety, nor had I heard a foolish word from his lips. In all my intercourse with him I was deeply impressed with his mental power and his genuine piety, and felt persuaded that had he possessed European advantages he would have been one of the greatest men of the age."

At all the mission-stations in the Friendly Islands, special

attention is paid to the educational department of the work. For several years past, an excellent training-school has been conducted, which has recently developed into a seminary of a higher class, known as Tubou College, a name given to it in

Native Pagan Worship.

honour of King George Tubou, the distinguished ruler of the whole group of Friendly Islands. Buildings have been erected to accommodate eighty students, who are being trained as native teachers and ministers.

Among the fruits of genuine religion in the Friendly Islanders, their Christian benevolence is worthy of a passing notice. Of course some allowance must be made for a semi-civilized people, in countries where money, as a circulating medium for commerce, is almost unknown, and where receiving, and not giving, has long been the order of the day. Hence we find that but little was done towards the support of the Gospel at an early period of the mission. But when the work became more fully established, and the doctrines of Christian obligation and responsibility were better understood, the missionaries instructed the natives in the duty of supporting the cause of God with good effect. Missionary meetings were everywhere held, and noble speeches were made by chiefs, ministers, and people. It was a pleasing sight to see men, women, and children bring their "offerings of love," as they call their contributions, marching in order, as they sing some beautiful native hymn. These offerings consist chiefly of articles of produce of various kinds, which are sold for the benefit of the mission fund. In 1869 the amount raised at the missionary meetings in the Friendly Islands was upwards of £1,100, besides contributions in oil to the amount of £1,200, making a total of £2,300, being an average of 4s. 7d. per member, and of nearly 1s. 11d. each for the entire population. Such a spirit of Christian liberality as this is worthy of being imitated in every land. It is now confidently announced that there is *not one heathen remaining in any of the Friendly Islands.*

There are now in the Friendly Islands and Samoa districts 23 missionaries, 8,262 Church members, and 7,201 scholars in the mission-schools. For these results of missionary labour we may well "thank God and take courage."

The people of these islands are of remarkable intelligence, and are susceptible of a high degree of education. The portrait on page 295 is taken from a photograph. The striped cloth round the loins is of European manufacture; but the rest of the dress —which is not very much—is native produce. The hair is covered with a fine gauzy cloth, made of the inner bark of a certain tree, beaten out until it spreads into an exceedingly thin, fibrous film. Strips are cleverly joined together in the process, so as to make the *tapa* of the requisite width. The cloth thrown over the shoulder is of the same material, but of much thicker

substance. The sunshade held in the hand is made from the centre of a leaf, or frond, of the beautiful fan-palm. The edge is curiously and ingeniously finished with plaited work, in which are strips of coloured cloth.

Similar marks of intelligence will be observed in the countenance of the youth whose portrait is given on page 296. These simple-hearted people, under the benign influences of Christianity, are very docile, and well deserve the name of Friendly Islanders. On page 298 is a picture of one of the deserted temples of those Southern Seas. The feathery foliage of the trees looks upon the crumbling walls and dome, once hideous with the orgies of the idol deity, and polluted with its vile and cruel rites. The tottering stones mark the unconsecrated graves of a generation of idolators, who passed away from time without having heard the joyous sound of the gospel of God's grace. In those dark days of heathenism, many of the modes of worship were very abject, and the condition of the people was one of extreme degradation. With much wearisome iteration, that might often put to the blush the prayerless lives of many so-called Christians, they made their offerings and paid their vows to their dumb idols, in the vain endeavour to satisfy the instinct of their hearts to worship an unseen creator and preserver. Such a scene is shown in our last engraving. Will not those unenlightened and blindly groping idolators rise up in the judgment to condemn those who, favoured with brighter light and ampler knowledge, knew their duty and did it not?

CHIDDEN.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

Be wise with a rare tenderness—
  Be not so rude of touch! [den,
When we're walking thro' God's gar-
  I think that overmuch
We tear, and prune, and bind God's flowers.
  I found this girl in tears;
Chidden with taunt for girlish ways,
  The outcome of her years.
Chide thought fully! the girl will have
  Her wiles that ray her round
With grace and sweetness. Thou shouldst let
  Pure charity abound.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY IV.—PHENOMENA AND PHILOSOPHY OF EARLY METHODIST REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

In my last Essay, on the Supernatural Character of Canadian Methodism, I stood with the reader face to face with that work of God in the soul of man in which he is born into the kingdom of God, and grows up to the stature of the fulness of Christ; I traced that work step by step, from its tears of penitence to its joys of pardon, adoption, regeneration and sanctification, as illustrated in the lives and labours of the early Methodist preachers, as also in the doctrines and ministrations of the early Protestant Reformers. I now propose to consider the peculiar circumstances of that work; or, in other words, the Phenomena and Philosophy of Early Methodist Revivals of Religion in Canada.

The term *revival* simply signifies restoring; recovery from apparent death or drowning, to life; return to activity from a state languor; recovery from a state of neglect and depression, as the revival of literature or learning; quickening, or re-animating with hopes or joys; awakening men to their spiritual interests, and rousing them to more attention and action in regard to religion.* It is in this last sense that I employ the term *revival* in these Essays.

The term *phenomenon* is defined by Mr. Wesley as "an uncommon circumstance." In nature it is an appearance the cause of

* Mr. Wesley, in a letter to a friend, dated February 12th, 1779, says: "The remark of Luther, 'that a revival of religion seldom continues above thirty years,' has been verified many times in several countries. But it will not always hold. The present revival in England has already continued fifty years. And, blessed be God, it is at least as likely to continue as it was twenty or thirty years ago. Indeed, it is far more likely; as it not only spreads wider, but sinks deeper, than ever; more and more persons being able to testify that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. We have, therefore, reason to hope that this revival of religion will continue, and continually increase till the time when all Israel shall be saved, and the fulness of the Gentiles shall come."—*Works, Am. Edit.*, Vol. VII., p. 180.

which is not immediately obvious, as the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, of terrestrial productions and substances, of heat or colour, etc., etc. But the phenomena in the realm of mind, and in the kingdom of God, in the soul of man, are not less remarkable, though invisible to the bodily eye, than those of the material universe; and though the "Kingdom of God cometh not with observation," its phenomena, whether established in the heart of a single individual, or of a multitude, are open to examination; and the reasons, or *philosophy*, of the work which gives them birth, may be reverently and profitably studied.

We shall first speak of the phenomena, and then of the philosophy of the revivals of religion among the early Methodists of Canada.

The new birth of every soul into the kingdom of God is not only a phenomenon, but a miracle, and is so recognized by the Church of England herself; for in the Homily on Rogation Week she says: "If, after contrition, we feel our conscience at peace with God, through the remission of our sins, it is God who worketh that *great miracle* in us." In a revival of religion, such a miracle is multiplied by scores, sometimes by hundreds and thousands, as on the day of Pentecost. All these displays of Divine power are attended with phenomena arising from the varied constitution of the human mind, and the "divers manners" in which God manifests Himself unto those whom He calls, pardons, and saves.

The first phenomenon which has arrested my attention in contemplating this wonderful work, is the *special* call and adaptation of the instruments of its commencement and promotion. From the morning of the Protestant Reformation, the candidate for the holy ministry was questioned before his ordination, "Do you trust that *you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration to serve God*, for the promotion of His glory and the edification of His people?" But the first instruments of the Canadian work felt that they were not only "moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them this office and ministry" in the Church of God, but they felt a Divine call to give themselves especially to the work in Canada, as did Paul and Barnabas to preach to the Gentiles, though to reach Canada they would have to travel some hundreds of miles through a wilderness, and then prosecute it through a

still more remote wilderness, depending wholly upon the new settlers for their subsistence. Since the days of the apostles, I know not that the history of the Church has presented a phenomenon more remarkable for self-denial and devotion than that of the first Methodist preachers voluntarily consecrating themselves to the work of God in Canada, as detailed in the second of these Essays. They braved perils by water and perils in the wilderness, labouring night and day, and often working with their own hands to minister to their necessities.

If they were sometimes assailed for want of classical learning, and chiefly by men who could not read a classical author themselves without the aid of a lexicon, they showed themselves mighty in the Scriptures,—their clerical and other assailants retiring in confusion.*

* Not only the preachers, but many of the converts, from their own experience, were able to silence, if not confound, the skeptical assailants of practical and experimental religion—reminding one of the remarks and statements contained in the *Homily of the Church of England* (first part) *for Whitsunday*, in the following words:

"Who will not marvel at that which is written in the Acts of the Apostles, to hear their bold confession before the Council at Jerusalem; and to consider that they went away with joy and gladness, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer rebukes and checks for the name and faith of Christ Jesus? This was the mighty work of the Holy Ghost, who, because He giveth patience and joyfulness of heart in temptation and affliction, hath therefore worthily obtained this name in the Holy Scriptures, to be called the Comforter. Who will not also marvel to read the learned heavenly sermons of Peter and the other disciples, considering that they were never brought up in a school of learning, but called from their nets to supply rooms of apostles? This was likewise the mighty work of the Holy Ghost, who, because He doth instruct the hearts of the simple in the true knowledge of God and His holy word, is most justly termed, by His name and title, to be the Spirit of Truth. Eusebius, in his Ecclesiastical History, telleth a strange story of a certain learned and subtile philosopher, who, being an extreme adversary to Christ and His doctrine, could by no kind of learning be converted to the faith, but was able to withstand all the arguments that could be brought against him with little or no labour. At length there started up a poor simple man, of small wit and less knowledge, one that was reputed among the learned as an idiot; and he, in God's name, would take in hand to dispute with this proud philosopher. The bishops and other learned men standing by were marvellously abashed at the matter, thinking that by his doings they should be all confounded and put to open shame. He notwithstanding goeth on, and beginning in the name of Jesus, brought the philosopher to such a point in the end, contrary to

The phenomenon attending these revivals of religion among the people were chiefly twofold—the *suddenness* of conversions and the *extraordinary circumstances* connected with many of them. Of the reality of conversion,* and the inward assurance of adoption, I have spoken sufficiently in the essay on the "Supernatural Character of Canadian Methodism," and have adduced ample authorities.

I now speak of the phenomenon of *sudden* conversions, so com-

all men's expectations, that he would not choose but acknowledge the power of God in his words, and to give place to the truth. Was not this a miraculous work, that one silly soul, of no learning, should do that which many bishops of great knowledge and understanding were never able to bring to pass? So true is the saying of Bede: 'Where the Holy Ghost doth instruct and teach, there is no delay at all in learning.'"

* Some opposers of conversion have argued that it was only for heathens and Jews, but not for those in a Christian land who profess to believe the doctrines of Christianity. Dr. Paley will not be accused or suspected of enthusiasm even by skeptics; yet he speaks as follows on this subject:

"Now, of the persons in our congregations to whom we not only may, but must, preach the doctrine of conversion, plainly and directly, are those who, with the name indeed of Christians, have hitherto passed their lives without any internal religion whatever."—"At this day we have not Jews and Gentiles to preach to; but these persons are really in as unconverted a state as any Jew or Gentile could be in our Saviour's time. They are no more Christians, as to any actual benefit of Christianity to their souls, than the most hardened Jew or profligate Gentile was in the age of the Gospel. As to any difference in the two cases, the difference is all against them. These must be converted before they can be saved. The course of their thoughts must be changed; the very principles upon which they act must be changed. Considerations which never, or hardly ever, entered into their minds, must deeply and perpetually engage them. Views and motives which did not influence them at all either as checks from doing evil, or as inducements to do good, must become views and motives which they regularly consult, and by which they are guided; that is to say, there must be a revolution in principle; the visible conduct will follow the change; *but there must be a revolution within.* A change so entire, so deep, so important, as this, I do allow to be *conversion;* and no one who is in the situation above described can be saved without undergoing it; and he must necessarily both be sensible of it at the time, and remember it all his life afterward. It is too momentous an event ever to be forgotten. A man might as easily forget his escape from a shipwreck. Whether it was sudden, or whether it was gradual, if it was effected (and the fruits will prove that), it was a true conversion; and every such person may justly both believe and say of himself that he was converted at a particular assignable time."—*Sermon on Conversion*, Works, Vol. V., pp. 72-75.

mon in all Methodist revivals of religion, but more especially in the early period of Methodism, both in England, the United States, and in Canada. No one from Wesley to the present day has ever insisted upon the necessity of sudden conversion; but he and his followers have recognized it as the work of God when followed by the fruits of a true conversion. "Mr. Wesley and the Methodists," says Mr. Watson, "never taught that all true conversions are instantaneous, though they believed many of them to be so; but how can any one prove that all sudden conversions are fictitious and imaginary? To influence the will, and move the affections to serious and spiritual objects, the truths of religion must be presented to the mind, for nothing beside has ever been known to produce those effects. But to some persons these truths may come in the slow process of elementary instruction, and serious advice from childhood; to others they may be presented, in all their great features, at once; or they may be suddenly revived in their minds; and to such they will have the additional interest which arises from novelty, their habits of life having taken them out of the way of regular instruction, and their religious education having either been neglected, or its impressions obliterated by the long practice of vice. In such cases, what reason can even a philosopher give, why the display of the stirring and solemn truths of the Gospel, unfolded by a living preacher with earnestness, perspicuity, and pathos, should not produce strong and sudden effects, and why the impressions thus made should not be deep and lasting?

"A true philosophy teaches that minds are differently constituted; that some men are slow to judge and to feel, and that what they hear rarely produces any immediate effect. The impression is made by subsequent reflection; for, like the ruminating animals, they do not feed for immediate digestion, but reserve that to a second process. In others the intellectual powers are more active and the affections more yielding; and there exists no reason why this peculiarity of mental disposition should not influence religious experience, though a superhuman agent must necessarily be supposed carrying on His designs, and exerting His influence with, and by, our constitutional qualities. It would be as manifestly absurd to deny that true conversion may follow a sudden impression upon yielding minds, as to affirm that it must be confined to slow and hesitating intellects, or that a decisive

course of action of any kind cannot follow when motives to it are urged upon a susceptible spirit, and the force of them is immediately admitted. Determinations of the will, and perseverance in effort, are essential to rational and proper conduct of any kind. But with whatever variety the Creator has formed the human spirit, it is not to be supposed that it has, in any case, a constitution which renders decisive choice, and perseverance, impracticable. These effects do not always result from slow and reluctant operations of mind; they are not inconsistent with susceptibility. The cautious need energy; the ardent, watchfulness and support; but everything rich in sentiment, firm in choice, and constant in action, may exist in each class of character. To suppose the contrary would be a reflection on our Maker, who uses variety as the means of exhibiting His wisdom, but never sacrifices it to His own great and beneficent purposes, and the moral capabilities of His creatures.

"From these sudden yieldings of the mind to impressions of a religious kind, what then can be reasonably concluded? Why, that conversion is not a natural process, though carried on through and by our natural powers. We are better instructed, I hope, in the Scriptures and the doctrine of all true Churches—that suddenness and slowness are mere circumstances, quite unconnected with the essence of conversion. We believe the testimony of Scripture, that the Spirit is not only given to the disciples of Christ, after they assume that character, but in order to their becoming His disciples; that, according to the words of our Lord, He is sent 'to convince the world of sin,' to the end that they may believe in Christ; and that whenever the Gospel is fully proclaimed by the ministers of Christ, it is 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,' and is made so by the accompanying influence of the Holy Ghost. If this doctrine be allowed, it will be difficult to prove Mr. Wesley a fanatic for his belief in the reality of sudden conversions. Who shall prescribe a mode to Divine operations? Who, if he believes such an influence accompanying the truth, shall presume to say, that when inspired truth is proposed, the attention of the careless shall be roused by a gradual and slow process only? or that no influence on the mind is genuine and divine, if it operate not in the prescribed manner? that the Holy Spirit shall not avail Himself of the variety which exists in the mental

constitutions of men, to effect His purposes of mercy by different methods? and that the operations of grace shall not present, as well as those of nature, that beauteous variety which so much illustrates the glory of Him 'who worketh all in all?'

"And who shall say that even the peculiarities of men's natures shall not, in many instances, be even set aside in the course of a divine and secret operation touching the springs of action, and opening the sources of feeling; giving intensity of action to the one, and a flow to the other, which shall more eminently mark His finger in a work which His own glory, and the humility proper to man, require should be known and acknowledged as the work of God alone? Assuredly there is nothing in the reason of the case to fix the manner of producing such effects to one rule, and nothing in Scripture. Instances of sudden conversion occur in the New Testament in sufficient number to warrant us to conclude that this may be often the mode adopted by Divine wisdom, and especially in a slumbering age, to arouse attention to long-despised and neglected truths. The conversions of the day of Pentecost were sudden, and, for anything that appears to the contrary, they were real; for the persons so influenced were thought worthy to be 'added to the Church.' Nor was it by the miracles of tongues that the effect was produced. If miracles could have converted them, they had witnessed greater than even that glorious day exhibited. The dead had been raised in their sight; the earth had quaked beneath their feet; the sun had hid himself and made untimely night; the graves had given up their dead; and Christ Himself had risen from the tomb sealed and watched. It was not by the impression of the miracles of tongues alone, but by that supervenient gracious influence which operated with the demonstrative sermon of Peter, after the miracle had excited the attention of his hearers, that they were 'pricked in their hearts,' and cried 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?'

"The only true rule of judging of professed conversion is its fruits. The mode may vary from circumstances of which we are not the judges; nor can we be until we know more both of the mystic powers of the mind, and of that intercourse which Almighty God, in His goodness, condescends to hold with it." *

But the more remarkable phenomena of the revivals of

* Richard Watson's Works, Vol. V., pp. 414-418.

religion are not merely the suddenness of conversions, but the extraordinary circumstances connected with them—physical agitations and prostrations. The words of the Church of England *Homily on Fasting* may here be repeated:

"When men feel in themselves the heavy burden of sin, see damnation to be the reward of it, and behold with the eye of their mind the horror of hell, *they tremble, they quake,* and are inwardly *touched with sorrowfulness of heart, and cannot but accuse themselves, and open their grief unto Almighty God and call upon Him for mercy.* This being done seriously, their mind is so occupied, partly with sorrow and heaviness, partly with an earnest desire to be delivered from this danger of hell and damnation, *that all desire of meat and drink is laid apart, and loathing of all worldly things and pleasure cometh in place: so that nothing liketh them more than to weep, to lament, to mourn, and by both words and behaviour of body to show themselves weary of life.*"

Mr. Wesley, after quoting these words, comments upon them thus to the objector:

"Now, what if your wife, or daughter, or acquaintance, after hearing one of these field preachers, should come and tell you that they saw damnation before them, and beheld with the eye of their mind this horror of hell? What if they should 'tremble and quake,' and be so taken up 'partly with sorrow and heaviness, partly with an earnest desire to be delivered from this hell and damnation, as to weep, to lament, to mourn, and by both words and behaviour to show themselves weary of life;' would you scruple to say that they are stark mad; that these fellows have driven them out of their senses? These are the words of our own Church. You may read them, if you are so inclined, in the first part of the 'Homily on Fasting.' And, consequently, what you have peremptorily determined to be mere lunacy and distraction, is that 'repentance unto life,' which, in the judgment both of the Church and of St. Paul, is 'never to be repented of.' I grant that extraordinary circumstances have attended this conviction in some instances. While the Word of God was preached, some persons have dropped down as dead; some have been, as it were, in strong convulsions; some roared aloud, though not with an articulate voice; and others spoke the anguish of their souls."*

* Wesley's *Further Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion.* Works, Vol. V., p. 93. Am. Ed. Mr. Wesley adds: "This, I suppose, you believe to

These physical phenomena were not uncommon in the early years of Methodism in Canada, and especially in those great rural

be perfect madness. But it is easily accounted for, either on principles of reason or Scripture.

"First, on principles of reason. For how easy is it to suppose that a strong, lively, and sudden apprehension of the heinousness of sin, the wrath of God, and the bitter pains of eternal death, should affect the body as well as the soul, during the present laws of vital union—should interrupt or disturb the ordinary circulations, and put nature out of its course! Yes, we may question whether, while this union subsists, it is possible for the mind to be affected in so violent a degree without some one or other of those bodily symptoms following.

"It is likewise easy to account for these things on principles of Scripture. For when we take a view of them in this light, we are to add, to the consideration of natural causes, the agency of those spirits who still excel in strength, and, as far as they have leave from God, will not fail to torment whom they cannot destroy; to tear those that are coming to Christ. It is also remarkable, that there is plain Scripture precedent of every symptom which has lately appeared; so that we cannot allow the conviction attended with these to be madness, without giving up both reason and Scripture." "All these and whatever else conversion effects may sometimes accompany this conviction, are easily known from the common distemper of madness, were it only for this one circumstance—that whenever the person convinced tastes the pardoning love of God, they all vanish away in a moment."—*Ib.*, p. 94.

It should be borne in mind, however, that Mr. Wesley never confounded these phenomena with noise or clamour in public worship; the latter he unhesitatingly condemned. "Perhaps," he says, in one of his discourses, "some may be afraid, lest refraining from these warm expressions or even gently checking them, should check the fervour of our devotion. It is possible it may check or even prevent some kind of fervour which has passed for devotion. Possibly it may prevent loud shouting, horrid, unnatural screaming, repeating the same words twenty or thirty times, jumping two or three feet high, and throwing the arms or legs about, both of men and women, shocking not only to religion, but to common decency; but it will never check, much less prevent, true Scriptural devotion."—*Sermon on "Knowing Christ after the Flesh."*

Dr. Adam Clarke equally condemned such clamours and confusion. In his Commentary on 1 Cor. xiv. 33, he says: "Let not the persons who act in the congregation in this disorderly manner, say that they are under the influence of God; for He is not the author of confusion: but two, or three, or more praying or teaching at the same place, and at the same time, is confusion; and God is not the author of such work: and let men be aware how they attribute such disorder to the God of order and peace. The Apostle calls such conduct *akatastasasia*,—tumult, sedition; and such they are in the sight of God, and in the sight of all good men. How often is the work of God marred and discredited by the folly of men!"

assemblages known as "camp-meetings," and they have occurred from time to time to this day. Examples of them are needless; they have been supposed by some to have originated in Canada, and to be a characteristic of Canadian Methodism; but this is a mistake.

These meetings in America originated with the Presbyterians in the Western States; and the most remarkable instances of these phenomena occurred among them, at these vast forest gatherings. "Violent opposers were sometimes seized by a mysterious power which agitated them from head to foot; men with imprecations upon their lips were suddenly smitten down. Drunkards, attempting to drown the effect by liquors, could not hold the bottle to their lips; their convulsed arms would drop it, or shiver it against the surrounding trees. Horsemen charging upon these camp-meetings to disperse them, were seized by the strange affection at the very boundaries of the worshipping circles, and were the more violently shaken the more they endeavoured to resist the inexplicable power. As many as five hundred persons are said to have been thus affected in a single congregation. The nervous affection spread from one denomination to another, and prevailed as an epidemic through much of the valley of the Mississippi.

"Prior to the introduction of camp-meetings, infidelity prevailed generally in the new States of the West, the effect, to a great extent, of the writings of Thomas Paine, and of his great personal influence in America during the then recent revolutionary struggle. Many wise as well as devout men, who witnessed the results of these meetings, believed that they were a providential provision for the counteraction of the deism and corruption which seemed to threaten with utter demoralization that vast country—the seat of future and gigantic States—and that the astonishing physical phenomena which attended them were a necessary means of arresting the popular attention. The 'great revival' which followed, and which swept over the whole valley of the Mississippi, unquestionably broke down the prevalent deism, and opened the way for the most rapid religious development recorded in the history of any modern people." *

Perhaps one illustration of similar work in Canada may be

* Stevens' History of Methodism, Vol. II., pp. 425, 426; and Dr. Bangs' Life and Times, pp. 149, 150.

given, from an account of the "first camp-meeting in Canada, which took place in 1803, in Adolphustown, where the first Methodist class in the province was organized in 1790, by its first Methodist preacher, William Losee, and its first Methodist chapel erected in 1792. Camp-meetings had been extensively held in the Western States for about five years. They originated among the Presbyterians. They seemed justified by the necessities of the frontier, where there were few chapels, and where, after the harvests, the settlers could travel considerable distances from home, and avail themselves of a week of camp-life for religious instruction and social intercourse." The first camp-meeting in Canada appeared to Dr. Bangs a salient fact in the history of Canadian Methodism. He therefore made particular notes of it.

"Its announcement beforehand excited great interest far and near. Whole families prepared for a pilgrimage to the ground. Processions of waggons and foot passengers wended their way to the place of assemblage. With two of his fellow-evangelists, Dr. Bangs had to take his course from a remote appointment, through a range of forest thirty miles in extent. They hastened forward, conversing on religious themes, praying and singing, and eager with expectation for the moral battle-scene about to open. They arrived, in time to commence the meeting, on Friday, the 27th of September, though only about two hundred and fifty people had yet reached the ground. The exercises commenced with singing, prayer, and a short sermon on the text, 'Brethren, pray.' Several exhortations followed; and after an intermission of about twenty minutes another sermon was delivered on 'Christ, our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.' Some lively exhortations followed, and the Spirit of the Lord seemed to move among the people. After an interruption of an hour and a-half, a prayer-meeting was held, and towards its close the power of God descended on the assembly, and songs of victory and praise resounded through the forest. During this day six persons passed from death unto life.

"At five o'clock Saturday morning a prayer-meeting was held, and at ten o'clock a sermon was preached on the words, 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' At this time the congregation had increased to perhaps twenty-five hundred, and the people of God were seated together on logs near the stand,

while a crowd were standing in a semicircle around them. During the sermon I felt an unusual sense of the Divine presence, and thought I could see a cloud of the Divine glory resting upon the congregation. At the close of the sermon I sprang to my feet, and immediately descended from the stand among the hearers. The rest of the preachers all spontaneously followed me, and we went among the people exhorting the impenitent and comforting the distressed; for while Christians were 'filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory,' many a sinner was weeping and praying in the surrounding crowd. These we collected together in little groups, and we exhorted God's people to join in prayer for them. O, what a scene of prayer and tears was this! I suppose that not less than a dozen little praying circles were thus formed in the course of a few minutes. It was truly affecting to see parents weeping over their children, neighbours exhorting their unconverted neighbours to repent, while all, old and young, were awe-struck. This meeting resulted in some forty conversions.

"On Sabbath morning, as the natural sun arose in splendour, darting his rays through the forest, we presented ourselves before its Maker, and poured out our songs of thanksgiving to the Lord of the universe. We felt that our early sacrifice was accepted, for the 'Sun of Righteousness' shone upon our souls, and made all within us rejoice.

"After breakfast, a host being now on the ground, we held a love-feast. The interest and excitement were so great, and the crowd so large, that while some assembled around the stand, a preacher mounted a waggon at a distance and addressed a separate congregation. The impression of the Word was universal; the power of the Spirit was manifest throughout the encampment, and almost every tent was a scene of prayer.

"At noon the Lord's Supper was administered to multitudes, while other multitudes looked on with astonishment and tears. After the sacrament, a young woman, of fashionable and high position in society, was smitten down, and with sobs entreated the prayers of the people. Her sister forced her away. A preacher went forth without the camp, and led them both back, followed by quite a procession of their friends; a circle was formed about them, and we sang and prayed. The unawakened sister was soon upon her knees praying in agony, and was first

converted; the other quickly after received the peace of God, and they wept and rejoiced together."*

As to the philosophy of these revivals of religion, and the extraordinary circumstances connected with some of them, little need be added to the reasonings of Messrs. Wesley and Watson in the quotations from their writings made in the former part of this paper. I will therefore only subjoin a few remarks.

1. These extraordinary physical phenomena of religious re-

* Stevens' Life and Times of Dr. Bangs, pp. 150-154.

Dr. Bangs gives an account of a remarkable conversion, but in the more quiet and ordinary way:

"In Oxford, Major Ingersoll, to whom I was first introduced, was a Universalist; and told me, on my first visit, that he was an unbeliever in the doctrine of depravity; that he never had himself a depraved heart. 'This assertion,' said I, 'is a sure sign that you never knew your heart.' On my second visit, I found him sitting in his chair, with his head inclined on his hands. He looked up to me and said, 'O, what a depraved heart I have!' 'Ay!' said I, 'have you discovered that fact at last?' 'Yes, indeed,' he replied; 'what shall I do to be saved?' 'Surrender up to God, by faith in Christ, and He will give you a new heart, and renew a right spirit within you.' He did so, and found the promise verified. He, his wife, who was a very sensible and amiable woman, his two daughters, together with the husband of one of them, were soon converted and joined the Church; and the good work quickly spread through the neighbourhood, sweeping all before it. In this way the revival prevailed in both these places, so that large and flourishing societies were established, and no less than six preachers were raised up. The reformation extended through many settlements, particularly Oxford, where large numbers were 'turned from darkness to light.'"—*Ib.*, pp. 84, 85.

More than thirty years later, Dr. Bangs, while travelling through the State of New York, wrote a private letter, now before me:

"On my way in the canal boat, a young preacher introduced himself to me, and asked if I remembered one Hitchcock, who lived in the township of Oxford, in Upper Canada, about thirty-four years ago? I replied, 'Yes, very well.' 'I am,' said he, 'his son.'

"His father and mother were converted under my ministry on the first circuit I ever travelled, and were soon married together, and here was their son, a minister! This circumstance brought a thousand pleasant recollections to my mind, and made me thank God and take courage. The grandfather of this youth was a Universalist, a Major Ingersoll, to whom I had a letter of introduction in a new place where I went to preach. Himself, wife, and two of his daughters were soon converted and joined our Church; and now here is one of the third generation in the itinerant field! I thought I should pray and preach with greater fervour than ever."—*Ib.*, p. 85, in a note.

vivals or excitements first occurred long before the time of Wesley himself. They occurred in the mediæval ages in the Roman Church, on the Continent, and in Scotland.* President

* In "Historical Collections relating to Remarkable Periods of the Success of the Gospel, and Eminent Instruments employed in Promoting It," compiled by the Rev. Dr. Gillies, one of the ministers of Glasgow, published in 1754, accounts are given of the rapid conquests of the Gospel in less than forty years after the Reformation in Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and the Low Countries, with Britain and Ireland; in which, says Dr. Gillies, these things are observable:

"1. How the truth of the Gospel then came 'not in word only, but in power, in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;' assurance of faith and understanding of the truth, and with that seal of the greatest enlargement of comfort; so as receiving the word in much affliction was with joy in the Holy Ghost. 2. That in this blessed Reformed religion, the Church did receive the Spirit, and an innumerable company in these last ages were sealed thereby, which is the undoubted seal and attestation from the Lord of His own truth and doctrine, so expressly promised to the Church under the New Testament. 3. That after this blessed day once began to dawn, and the Lord did so visibly rend the heavens, and caused the mountains to flow at His presence, with so solemn a downpouring of the Spirit following the Gospel, as there could be no standing before it, but cities and nations were subjected to so marvellous a power, to the embracing of the truth. 4. That this great work of God was not for a short time, but for many years. Wherever the truth came, it did most discernibly accompany the same, not only to affect and convince, by some transient flash upon the spirits of men, but to that solid and effectual change as visibly transformed them into that blessed image of Christ, by the spirit of holiness, so as it was given, both to believe and suffer for His name."

"I must here instance a solemn and extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit, about the year 1625, and afterwards, in the west of Scotland. This, by the profane rabble, was called the Stewarton sickness; for in that parish first, but afterward through much of that country, particularly at Irvine, under the ministry of Mr. Dickson, it was remarkable; where it can be said (which divers ministers and Christians yet alive can witness) that, for a considerable time, few Sabbaths did pass away without some evidently converted, or some convincing proofs of the power of God accompanying His Word; yea, that many were so taken by the heart, that, through terror, the Spirit in such measure convincing them of sin, in hearing of the Word they have been made to fall over, and were carried out of the church; who afterward proved the most solid and lively Christians."—"The famous Stewarton sickness was begun about the year 1630, and spread from house to house for many miles in the strath where Stewarton water flows, on both sides of it. Serious, practical religion flourished mightily in the west of Scotland about this time.

"I must mention that solemn communion of the Kirk of Shott's, June

Edwards has recorded many of them in his accounts of the great awakening in New England; and they were known in New Jersey before Whitfield's arrival there.

2. Though arising, directly or indirectly, from religious causes, these phenomena are themselves physical affections; they have not always been followed by a religious life; they are no criterion of a genuine conversion, the proof of which must be sought in its fruits; and the most devout men have not been most under their influence.

3. They have not been identified with any diseased affections; nor have they been followed by any morbid physical effects, or even exhaustion, though they have been known to continue some days without motion, food or drink.

20, 1630, at which there was so convincing an appearance of God, and downpouring of the Spirit, even in an extraordinary way, that did follow the ordinances, especially that sermon on the Monday, June 21, with a strange unusual motion on the hearers, who in a great multitude were then convinced of divers ranks, that it was known, which I can speak on sure ground, *near five hundred haa at that time a discernible change wrought on them*, of whom most proved lively Christians afterwards."

Sir Henry Moncrief Welwood, Bart., in his Life of John Erskine, D.D., states, among many others, the following facts:

"In the following winter (1741-2), very remarkable impressions were observed in the congregation of Camberslong, under the ministry of Mr. McCulloch, the pastor of that parish—a man of genuine piety and considerable capacity, but is said to have had nothing particularly striking either in the manner or substance of his preaching. His hearers, in considerable numbers, were on different occasions *so violently agitated while he preached on the Christian doctrine of regeneration, as to fall down, in the midst of the multitude, under visible paroxysms of bodily agony.*"—"The same visible agitations among the people were continued during the whole course of the winter, and his labours and solicitudes were never relaxed. The effect of his labours became every day more visible and extensive.

"Similar effects began to appear at Kilsyth, in the barony parish of Glasgow, and in some other adjacent parishes."—"From this time the multitudes who assembled were more numerous than they had ever been, or perhaps than any congregations which had ever assembled in Scotland; the religious impressions made on the people were apparently much greater and more general; and the visible convulsive agitations, which accompanied them exceeded anything of the kind which had yet been observed. Whatever opinion we may form of the source of those extraordinary effects, it is, at least, a most remarkable fact that in this period they were neither confined to any one district of country, nor were they exclusively connected with the ministry of any individuals."—*Sir Henry Moncrief Welwood's Life of John Erskine, D.D.*

4. Though the power of the work of grace either in a revival of religion, or in individual conversion, does not consist in these phenomena; yet their presence is not a proof that a deep and extraordinary work and revival of religion is not being wrought in the hearts of men by the Spirit of God, and that it is not a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Conversion is an individual work, operating upon each heart separately, as much as if there were no other heart in the universe, and evinces the particular providence of God as well as the work of the Holy Spirit. And there is joy before the angels over one sinner that repenteth.

I cannot better conclude this paper than in the words of the Rev. Dr. F. W. Farrar's "Life and Work of St. Paul," Vol. I., Chapter x., pp. 198, 199:

"In the course of human lives there have been other spiritual crises analogous to this in their startling suddenness and absolute finality. To many, the resurrection from the death of sin is a slow and life-long process; but others pass with one thrill of conviction, with one spasm of energy, from death to life, from the power of Satan unto God. Such moments crowd eternity into an hour, and stretch an hour into eternity.

> 'At such hours
> Of inspiration from the living God,
> Thought is not.'

"When God's awful warnings burn before the soul in letters of flame, it can read them indeed, and know their meaning to the very uttermost; but it does not know, and does not care, whether it was Perez or Upharsin that was written on the wall. The utterances of the Eternal Sybil are inscribed on records scattered and multitudinous as are the forest leaves. As the anatomist may dissect every joint and lay bare every nerve of the organism, yet be infinitely distant from any discovery of the principle of life, so the critic and grammarian may decipher the dim syllables and wrangle about the disputed discrepancies; but it is not theirs to interpret. If we would in truth understand such experiences, the records of them must be read by a light that never was on land or sea.

"Saul rose another man: he had fallen in death, he rose in life; he had fallen in the midst of things temporal, he rose in awful

consciousness of things eternal; he had fallen a proud, intolerant, persecuting Jew; he rose a humble, broken-hearted, penitent Christian. In that moment a new element had been added to his being. Henceforth—to use his own deep and dominant expression—he was 'in Christ.' God had found him, Jesus had spoken to him, and in one flash had changed him from a raging Pharisee into a true disciple—from the murderer of the saints, into the Apostle of the Gentiles. It was a new birth—a new creation." *

A LITTLE WHILE.

BY THE REV. W. GLADDEN.

WHAT is this that He saith?
"It is but a little while,"
And trouble and pain and death
Shall vanish before His smile.

"A little while," and the load
Shall drop at the pilgrim's feet,
Where the steep and thorny road
Doth merge in the golden street.

But what is this that He saith?
"A little while," and the day
Of the servant that laboureth
Shall be done forever and aye.

O the truth that is yet untold!
O the songs that are yet unsung!
O the sufferings manifold,
And the sorrows that have no tongue!

O the helpless hands held out,
And the wayward feet that stray
In the desolate paths of doubt
And the sinner's downward way!

For a silence soon will fall
On the lips that burn for speech,
And the needy and poor that call
Will forever be out of reach.

* Farrar's Life and Work of St. Paul, Vol. I., Chap. x., pp. 198, 199. (Conversion of St. Paul.)

THE EARTH'S YOUTH.

BY S. H. JANES, M.A.

II.

We resume our history. In our rapid flight, we have passed the Laurentian, the Cambrian, and the Silurian ages. Disdaining man's evanescent time-measures of days and years and centuries, we have only halted momentarily at intervals separated by cycles and epicycles and eons. We have seen the sedimentary rocks built up from the floor of an all but universal ocean, tier above tier, until they have reached a maximum thickness of more than ten miles of solid masonry. We have contemplated animal life at its very dawn in the jelly-like forms of the Protozoa of the Laurentian. We have seen its rapid expansion and elevation in its multifarious and wonderful forms of Radiata and Articulata; and have come upon fishes, the first of the Vertebrata. Generations have succeeded generations in countless myriads. Untold numbers of species have come into being as out of a thick darkness which the penetrating eye of science is unable to pierce, and are just beginning to expand, or have reached their culmination, or have begun to show signs of decadence, or have wholly died out, leaving only their entombed remains to tell the story of their life. We leave the Silurian age with the seas abundantly tenanted with living creatures, careering through the green depths, or creeping over the ooze.

By easy steps we enter the Devonian. The Old Red Sandstone of Scotland, rendered famous by the great Hugh Miller, belongs to this series. Its strata are locally very diverse, indicating great diversity of physical conditions. The greatest accumulations were still along the ancient submarine ridges. In the Appalachian district of America, Devonian deposits attain a maximum thickness of 15,000 feet. Here, as also to a less extent elsewhere, the crust of the earth continued to sink beneath the weight of the enormous deposits of preceding ages. The old aqueous rocks were thus pressed down into the earth's heated interior. This process, aided by the friction of the moving masses, caused frequent and violent earthquakes, tidal-waves, and volcanic erup-

tions, accompanied with upheavals and subsidences. There were symptoms of these disturbances during the latter part of the Silurian, but it was during the early Devonian that they were chiefly manifested. As a result, islands became more numerous, particularly along the border regions, and were often surrounded by muddy and sandy flats. In the more central part of the oceanic plateau comparatively deep water, for the most part, prevailed, as is shown by the vast extent of its coral limestone. The permanent dry land of our continent was extended south of New York State, throughout western Ontario, far south of Lake Erie, over the State of Michigan, except a central area, far down into Kentucky, and along the border of the Silurian west of Chicago. It is true, what we call "permanent" dry land doubtless had many subsequent dips under water, and other deposits may have been formed upon it; but, if so, they have been worn down and washed away. Our continent was still limited in extent. At the close of the age, the Hudson and Ottawa rivers may have existed with pretty nearly their present limits, while for a considerable portion of the distance between Kingston and Montreal the St. Lawrence had doubtless become a fresh water stream.

In Europe a somewhat similar state of things existed: islands in the north-western part, probably extending 200 miles west of Scotland, with muddy flats and shallow waters; frequent subsidences and elevations, accompanied by volcanic outbursts; while the central plateau was being gradually built up with coral limestone. There were no large areas of dry land, except perhaps where now covered by the German Ocean and north-east Atlantic. We know of no high mountains; the Alps and Pyrenees existed only as long ranges of hills, but little elevated above the sea. "Had we lived," says Principal Dawson, "in that age, we should not have seen great continents like those that now exist, but we could have roamed over lovely islands with breezy hills and dense lowland jungles, and we could have sailed over blue coral seas, glowing below with all the fanciful forms and brilliant colours of polyp life. Especially did all these conditions culminate in the Middle Devonian, when what are now the continental areas of the northern hemisphere must have much resembled the present insular and oceanic regions of the South Pacific."

As in the closing Silurian, so in the opening of this age, there

is a gradual decline of those forms of life that gave character to the former, and a gradual increase of those types lately introduced. Corals were very abundant, and exhibited some of their grandest and most beautiful forms. These industrious little creatures built up a coral-reef in the interior of our continent, that now has an outcrop of nearly five hundred thousand square miles. Of Crustaceans, the ancient and highly interesting dynasty of Trilobites was still abundant, but began to show signs of rapid decadence.

We meet here for the first time air-breathing animals in the shape of insects, very much resembling our ordinary May-flies. Some of them measured as much as five inches in expanse of wing. Some had attached to the wing an organ similar to that of the grasshopper, by which they could make a chirping sound, "the first music of living things that Geology as yet reveals to us." As was foreshadowed in the upper Silurian, fishes, the first in point of time of the vertebrates, soon asserted their supremacy as the dominant type of life. They expanded very rapidly, and were represented by so many species and were so abundant that the Devonian has been appropriately called the "Age of Fishes." They still belonged to the two groups represented in the Silurian, viz., Ganoid and Placoid, including respectively our modern gar pikes and sharks. Both had cartilaginous skeletons, and the tail unequally lobed, with the vertebræ running into the upper lobe. A characteristic Ganoid had the head encased in a buckler of firmly united enamelled plates; and seemed to be designed to frequent shallow waters, and to burrow in the mud for its food. The Placoids are known principally by their strong bony spines and teeth, which in some strata are very plentiful. Their teeth being blunt, it is inferred that they were mainly a harmless tribe, relying on shell-fishes for their food.

The Devonian islands and low marshy flats were favourable to vegetable life, and many specimens have come down to us. They are of those groups that became so abundant in the succeeding age, and whose remains accumulated our coal seams.

Passing another boundary line, which, however, like the last, is to a large extent imaginary, we enter the great Carboniferous age. Its strata are found in almost every large land area, but especially are they largely developed in Europe and North America. While there are the usual alternations of rock, the Carboniferous is in-

vested with peculiar interest to us because of its iron-ore beds and coal measures. The early part of the age was undoubtedly an era of general subsidence; but as time advanced there was a gradual elevation, till land and water struggled for the mastery. For a long period, the north-eastern part of the United States, together with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the large area south of New York from the eastern border of the Appalachian country to the western limits of Missouri and Kansas, existed as vast plains, subjected to many gradual oscillations, elevating some portions into dry land, while others were depressed into extensive marshes, lagoons, and estuaries, and others into comparatively deep sea. Some of the marshes were covered with brackish and others with fresh water. Again and again did those wave-like oscillations pass from the Atlantic westward, producing the greatest possible variety of deposits, one above the other. The same may be said of the region north-west of Manitoba, of the Arctic area, of Greenland, and of Great Britain and central Europe. The inland sea of America was pushed far westward, and stretched along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and, indeed, occupied largely their present site, as the thick deposits of Carboniferous limestones on their crests abundantly prove. There were then no Rocky Mountains and no Appalachians. The only mountains of our continent were probably those of the Laurentian district of Canada and north-eastern New York and of Vermont; but they attained to much greater altitudes than at present.

That coal is of vegetable origin admits of no possible doubt. It is simply the accumulation of successive generations of trees and plants, which, in the course of a slow and imperfct putrefaction, has lost a portion of its oxygen and hydrogen, and has become hardened by great pressure. It is just charcoal in a dense and compact form. It is by no means confined to the Carboniferous age, but occurs in small seams as far back as the Devonian, and is found in considerable quantities in subsequent ages, even down to the peat beds of our own time. The latter part of the Carboniferous was undoubtedly *the* period in which the finest, the most widely diffused, and the most extensive beds of coal were accumulated; and, consequently, our manufacturing interests owe more to this than to any other series of deposits. It occurs in layers or seams, varying in thickness from less than

an inch to more than thirty-five feet; and there are in some localities as many as a hundred consecutive seams, one above another, separated by beds of sandstone, clay, or limestone. Sometimes, between the coal seams, strata of all these materials occur, and often they are of great thickness. The bed upon which the coal rests is generally of a clayey nature, and is filled with roots and vegetable fibre, indicating that it was an ancient land surface which supported a luxuriant and abundant vegetation. Stumps of trees, now turned into coal, are actually found standing where they grew with their rootlets branching into the rock beneath. The plants and trees of which our coal is composed, undoubtedly grew in swamps, lagoons, and on low lands. Year after year vegetable matter is accumulated by the fall of leaves, spores, fruit, limbs, and trunks of trees, until it becomes of great thickness. Then a gradual or less probably a sudden subsidence takes place, the waters prevail, and vast quantities of sediment are washed down from the adjoining land. The subsidence continues, and the ancient forests are buried beneath the depths of the sea. Marine life by slow degrees emigrates from the adjoining waters and multiplies. The industrious little corals and foraminifers continue their work of secreting carbonate of lime. The underlying vegetable mould is compressed and converted into coal. The sea-bottom begins to rise, the waters retreat, marshes and low lands again appear, soil is gathered, a rank vegetation springs up, and the material for a second seam of coal is accumulated. Again and again is this process repeated. How vast must have been the length of time required for all these operations! Similar processes are now going on about us, but by reason of their slowness they escape our notice. Nature is never in a hurry. It is estimated that 5,000 years were necessary for the accumulation of the material for a bed of coal three feet in thickness. We must also allow for the deposits of the intervening beds of rock, always a slow process. In Pennsylvania there are 3,000 feet of rock in the coal series, and 120 feet of coal. In Nova Scotia these successive changes went on till 14,570 feet of deposits were formed; and in this space there are as many as seventy-six consecutive coal seams, "indicating as many levels of verdant fields between the others when the waters prevailed." But all this occurred in one age of geological time. Truly, we are creatures of a moment, and our life is as a vapour.

That the plants of the Carboniferous age had a much more rapid growth than those of the present day, and attained to gigantic proportions, is readily admitted. From this fact we learn something about the climatic conditions of the time. It is the opinion of the highest authorities that the climate best suited to the growth of the coal plants was a moist, equable, and temperate one. Coal is found from within the Arctic circle to the tropics. The temperature must therefore have been far more uniform than it is now. Plants live mainly by means of the carbon which they receive through their leaves from the carbonic acid of the air. It has been estimated that a thrifty vegetation at the present day takes from the atmosphere about half a ton of carbon per acre annually. From the vast amount stored away in the coal beds, we may safely infer that the atmosphere of those days still contained an enormous quantity of carbonic acid. Professor Tyndall has shown that the presence in the air of quantities of this gas would prevent the radiation of heat from the earth, and he argues that this may have been largely the cause of equability of temperature.

It is truly wonderful how the processes of nature, like the parts of a watch, are made to correlate one with another. The superabundant carbonic acid had to be extracted from the Carboniferous atmosphere, to prepare the way for the higher class of air-breathing animals, and it was made the receptacle for storing away the sun's energy for the future use of man. In building plants, carbonic acid and water are the principal materials, and the sun's beam is the agent. The carbon and oxygen of the one, and the hydrogen and oxygen of the other, have to be *pulled* asunder so as to allow the carbon and hydrogen to aggregate in woody fibre. In this process the sun performs an amount of mechanical work that is astounding. To raise a given weight to a certain height requires the expenditure of a definite amount of force or energy, and it is found to be exactly equivalent to the energy developed by letting the weight fall through the same distance. In raising the weight, the energy necessary is not wasted, but is, so to speak, stored up in the weight—it is rendered "potential;" and when the weight falls, it reappears, or is rendered "actual," and can perform definite work, as the turning a machine. The one is exactly equivalent

to the other, and illustrates the sublime law of the conservation of energy.

Now, the building up of the woody fibre of the plant is the process of raising the weight. Combustion is the reversal of the process, or falling of the weight. Heat being applied to the wood or coal, as by the application of a match, the old attraction of the oxygen of the air for the hydrogen and carbon of the wood is aroused, and the atoms rush together, to re-form water and carbonic acid. In the rushing together of the atoms, or their impact one upon another, they are thrown into a state of intense vibration. Their motions are communicated to their neighbours, waves are started, which impinge upon our nerves, and we have the phenomenon which we call heat. The effect is the same as is produced by pounding an anvil with a hammer. But heat has its equivalent in mechanical energy, and can be made to perform work, as driving a steam-engine. The energy given out in combustion is exactly equivalent to that expended in building the plant. Though it must not be forgotten that in attempting to harness this energy, as is done in a steam-engine, only a small portion of what is actually developed by the combustion is captured, and made to perform work, the rest escapes by reason of the clumsiness of our appliances. Now, we can measure the exact amount of energy given out, or rendered actual, by combustion. Therefore we can measure the amount of the sun's energy expended in building trees and plants; and the result, as already stated, is truly marvellous. The combustion of a single pound of coal in one minute is equal to the work of 300 horses for the same time. Supposing the annual consumption of coal to be eighty-four millions of tons, "it would require," says Professor Tyndall, "one hundred and eighty millions of horses, working night and day with unimpaired strength for a year, to perform an amount of work equivalent to the energy which the sun of the Carboniferous epochs invested in one year's product of our coal-pits."

It must, however, be conceded that only a small proportion of the vegetable growth of this luxuriant age has been preserved in the form of coal. The rest was subjected to decay, but in that very process it was the means of collecting the scattered atoms of iron and accumulating them in extensive beds of iron-ore. It is here that we get our most valuable supply of this useful

metal for the construction of our machinery, and, side by side, the fuel with which that machinery is to be worked.

As we stroll along the margins of the Carboniferous marshes and through the forests, we are struck with the peculiar characteristics of the plants, so different from those of our own country. They mainly belong to the lower of the two grand botanical divisions, or Flowerless plants; while those of our time are referable chiefly to the higher division, or Flowering plants. Further, the vast bulk of them belong to the higher groups of the lower division. If we had a more accurate history of the flora of preceding ages, we would doubtless find that there had been the same gradual advancement from lower to higher forms as observed in the animal kingdom. Here we are on the verge of passing the great boundary line to the higher group. Growing on the sandy and muddy flats, we observe dense brakes of hollow stalks, sometimes attaining a height of twenty feet and the thickness of a man's waist. The stems are longitudinally ribbed, and have transverse joints at regular intervals, from which spring a whorl of branchlets. From the joints at their base they send out long cord-like roots; and also shoot out new stems, forming great clumps of plants. These are Calamites, and are colossal representatives of the little "horse-tails" of our time. Growing in lagoons and on the low lands, we see specimens of the same tree-like plants observed in the Silurian and Devonian forests; but here they reach their maximum of development. They stand as high as fifty feet, and give off branches in regular bifurcating manner. The latter are covered with long needle-shaped leaves, while the trunks are marked with oval scars arranged in regular order, indicating the points where the leaves were formerly attached. The fruit consists of spike-like cones carried at the ends of the branches. The trunks consist of a central pith, a thin layer of woody fibre, and a thick corky bark. These are Lepidodendra, of which our modern club-mosses are insignificant representatives. They contribute largely to the production of coal, their thick corky bark and the spore-cases of their cones being the best possible materials for that purpose. There are thickly scattered clusters of stub-like trees four or five feet in diameter, and from forty to fifty feet high, with their bark also marked with seal-like scars, from which circumstance they receive the name of Sigillaria. Their top is sometimes divided into a few thick clumsy limbs which are

covered with grass-like leaves. Their trunk is very similar in texture to that of the Lepidodendra. They put out quantities of long slender roots, similar to those of pond-lilies; and, by reason of the many ramifications and great numbers of these rootlets, they stand with tolerable firmness on the soft, yielding soil of the marshes. The Sigillaria also contributes very largely to the formation of coal. On every hand we observe great varieties of graceful ferns not unlike those of our forests, but often attaining to the dignity of trees of considerable size. On the uplands we see actual trees closely resembling the pines and firs of our own day.

We hear the chirp of insect life, and, flitting amid the rushes of a marshy district, are huge May-flies with netted wings, attaining an expanse of seven inches. Their larvæ are being developed in warm stagnant water, where there is an abundance of vegetable food. Among the weeds are various kinds of beetles, closely resembling our cockroaches and weevils. Spiders with marvellous skill weave their webs of silken cords from branch to branch. The ground in some places is fairly alive with worms, having many feet, and called Myriapods. Under the leaves are to be found true land-snails, though miserable specimens of their class. While strolling along the beach of the open water, and lulled into thoughtful reverie by the musical wail of the sea, we are aroused by the sight of something new under the sun. Are these hand-like impressions footprints on the sands? There must be near us animals that walk on feet. There one is, swimming with head above the water direct for the shore! He walks out on the beach—a veritable animal of a higher type than fishes, and capable of living either in the water or on land. He has a stout massive head with large teeth, has four legs, and stands in a crouching position. His body is from eight to ten feet in length, and ends in a long flattened tail. Underneath he is protected with bony plates. In short, though allied to toads, he seems a sort of alligator. There are many other species of the same class, though of smaller size. They are Batrachians, or Amphibians—a sort of connecting link between fishes and true reptiles.

The sea abounds with the multifarious forms of invertebrate life. There are some fine specimens of corals, sea-lilies, and sea-urchins. Fishes are plentiful, and belong to the two classes already familiar

to us ; but now there are sharks with sharp teeth, and they are a terror to their smaller neighbours.

Following the Carboniferous, and closing the Palæozoic time, there was a period of mighty revolution, which greatly altered the topographical character of our globe, and led to the destruction of vast multitudes of animals, and the entire extermination of many species. The Permian period, as it is called, was of long continuance, and is thought by some to constitute a distinct age in geological history. Closing the Eozoic, there was an epoch of wonderful convulsion, the cause of which has been already explained, but it may not be out of place to recapitulate. The cooling of the earth's molten interior had caused great contraction of its mass, and a shrinking away from the rigid exterior shell which which was ultimately pulled inwards by the force of gravity. But the earth would now have a less radius, and the rocky shell or cover, being too big for the interior ball, had to accommodate itself by foldings or wrinkles. It is but natural to suppose that, at each subsequent collapse of the crust, the foldings would be along the earliest lines of disturbance. The successions of sandstones, shales, limestones, etc., throughout the Silurian, Devonian, and Sub-Carboniferous, indicate as many changes of water-level. These oscillations, for the most part, had a wide continental range. During the long period of the coal formations the disturbances were less violent. Though there were many submergences and emergences, the continents remained, for the most part, just about the sea-level. This period of comparative quiet was only a calm that preceded a storm. Nature seemed to be gathering strength for a widespread and terrible overthrow. The earth's crust again gave way, not suddenly, but so gradually that centuries passed as days. The resultant folding or wrinkling of the rocks was along the old lines of disturbance, and was of the most appalling magnitude. It extended along the whole of the eastern border region from New England southwards. The entire Appalachian area was thrown into a series of gigantic earth-waves, varying in width from a few rods to many miles, the crests of the waves being mainly parallel with the line of the Atlantic coast. They are most abrupt near the coast, and gradually billow away to the west, and are lost in the Mississippi Valley. The folds are steepest on their western side. Some near the coast are so pressed together that their tops project over their

bases, and both sides have a common dip to the east; and, therefore, some of the strata are actually turned upside down. Many of these folds were mountains in dimensions, but their tops have been worn down by denudation, so that the edges of the strata are now exposed to view. From a careful examination of these, we find that not only were the formerly horizontal coal measures thus bent, but the movement included the whole Palæozoic series.

As might be expected, in bending such an enormous thickness of brittle rock, numerous fractures and faults occurred. Some were of great magnitude, lifting the rock on one side of the line of fracture 5,000, or even 10,000 feet above the level of the other side. Such terrible convulsions would cause earthquake shocks that would make the whole continent tremble, and start tidal waves that would cross the Atlantic and devastate the opposite shore. The molten material below was in many cases thrown up through the crevices in gigantic volcanoes, as the immense beds of igneous rock and metamorphosed strata testify. These disturbances resulted in the permanent elevation of most of our continent east of a line running along the western border of Kansas. There were doubtless also extensive foldings in the Rocky Mountain area, but, if so, they did not result in extensive elevations above the sea. The Mexican Gulf still extended northwards over the most of their present site and eastern slope. Western Europe was also extensively folded and elevated, with the folds steepest on their inland side, and they billowed away to the east. Russia was little affected, and was still an inland sea, being the northward extension of the Euxine and Caspian. The Ural Mountains seem to have been a line of ancient folding. Permian disturbances were here very great, and resulted in the permanent elevation of the mountain range. Western Europe unlike Eastern America, was not entirely elevated; but had, in some places, the ocean jutting inwards in long arms, or, in other places, small inland seas of salt water.

The character of the flexures both in Europe and America seem unmistakably to indicate that the force causing them acted from the direction of the Atlantic. In the falling in of the earth's crust, the bed of the Atlantic seems to have retained its original curvature and size, and now, to accommodate itself to a lessened radius, it had to have elbow-room. The earth's crust on either shore, having been once bent into angles, would, notwithstanding

the greater thickness of strata, more readily yield to the enormous pressure. We may gather some idea of the vastness of this force by a glance at its marvellous results in the Appalachian district. The thickness of the Palæozoic strata are here from 30,000 to 40,000 feet, and it is probable that the whole earth's crust was involved in the foldings, giving a thickness of 100,000 feet or more. The length of the region acted upon was 1,500 miles, and its breadth from 100 to 300 miles. The rocks of this large area were pressed from top to bottom into these enormous folds, some of which were even pressed, as already stated, till their tops overhung their bases to the westward, and even until the folds were closed up into solid masses. That the force was slow in progress, and of long continuance, may be judged from the fact that miles in thickness of brittle rock were thus bent, often without fracture. Such bending could only have proceeded at the rate of a few yards in a century.

The great Permian disturbances, as might be expected, had a very marked effect on the life of our globe. There was widespread destruction, many species wholly disappearing; while many fosssils that are found show great degeneracy, as though the altered conditions were unfavourable. According to Murchison, the Permian beds of Europe have, so far, only yielded about one-third as many species as those of the Carboniferous. There was, nevertheless, advancement, inasmuch as we find remains of true reptiles. Permian vegetation was closely allied to that of the preceding age, with some new varieties, and greater abundance of pine-trees.

We have now reached the end of Palæozoic time, when fully nine-tenths of the rocks of our globe have been formed. Not only are the continents blocked out, and largely built up by the succession of strata, but extensive portions of them are elevated above the sea. The scene is now diversified by land and ocean, river and lake, mountain and valley, woodland and plain; but the meadows are not variegated with flowers, or the air laden with their perfume, for, as yet, flowering plants have not made their appearance. The forests are not enlivened by the music of birds, for as yet the reptile is the highest type of animal life, and of it there is but a limited number of species.

—On page 238 of March number, line four from the bottom, for "mica, schist; hornblende, schist," read "mica-schist, hornblende-schist."

OUR NEW HYMN-BOOK.

BY THE REV. E. HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

When I promised, some time ago, to contribute to this Magazine an article on our new Methodist Hymn-Book, I did not know that my friend, the Rev. John Lathern, of Yarmouth, was preparing an article on the same subject. After reading it, I felt that the publication of his instructive and discriminating criticism largely superseded the necessity for my promised article. But as both Mr. Lathern, and the Editor of the Magazine, have since urged me to carry out my original purpose, I yield to their solicitation; and now attempt to gather up such fragments as may have been omitted in the previous discussion of the subject.

The Demand for a New Hymn-Book.

The value and importance of the psalmody of a Church, and the intimate relation it sustains to the piety of the people, must be admitted by all who have given the subject any earnest consideration. When those who have not been altogether favourable to the preparation of a new hymn-book, in the way that has been adopted, have spoken in glowing language of the excellence of Charles Wesley's hymns, and of their inestimable value to Methodism, it must not be supposed, for a moment, that those who have actively advocated the preparation of the new hymn-book, had any lower estimate of Wesley's hymns, or of the place that these noble songs of faith and love have filled in the history of Methodism. On the contrary, it was a deep feeling of the vital importance of our service of song in public worship, that produced the conviction that it was the imperative duty of the authorities of the Church to supply the people with the very best collection of hymns for public and social worship, that it was possible to prepare. A Church that neglected to do this for the people would be recreant to a great duty. Our Church could not neglect to provide a suitable book, without falling behind in a department in which she had been long pre-eminent.

If the idea has prevailed, in any quarter, that the movement for a Canadian Methodist Hymn-Book has been inaugurated, without any real necessity for such a book, by some restless

lovers of novelty, who had no due appreciation of Wesleyan hymnology, it is just as well that our Methodist people should know that this is wholly incorrect. Circumstances, with which we in Canada had nothing to do, compelled us to take some action in this matter. The Wesleyan Church in Canada, since the Union with British Methodism, in 1833, had used the Hymn-Book used by our English Wesleyan brethren; the Canadian New Connexion also using the English New Connexion Hymn-Book—a very superior collection. Before this Union with English Methodism, our Canadian Methodist Church used the Hymn-Book of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1874, a private company in England published a new edition of the Wesleyan Hymn-Book, with an additional supplement; and undersold the hymn-books published at the Wesleyan Conference Office. Legal proceedings were instituted against the publishers of this book, on behalf of the Wesleyan Conference, for a violation of the copyright. It was decided that the claim of the Conference to the exclusive copyright of the Hymn-Book was not legally good; and consequently the Wesleyan Connexion had no longer legal control of the old collection. The English Wesleyans promptly decided to prepare a revised hymn-book; and to discontinue the publication of the old book. This decision affected us in Canada as well as our English brethren; for it directly cut off the supply of the Hymn-Book we had been accustomed to use in our congregations. This could hardly be regarded as a great calamity. Many had long felt that the old book, though rich in grand hymns of spiritual experience, in some particulars was not fully up to the requirements of our Church. At one time this book was the finest collection of hymns in the English language; and the Methodists were pre-eminently the hymn-singing people. But, as time passed on, other Churches had compiled hymn-books, in which many fine modern hymns were introduced; and which, in variety of themes and excellence of topical arrrangement, were superior to ours. The chief faults of the old book were,—that it contained a good many lengthy and heavy hymns, which, however good as devotional reading, had added very little to its value as a book for public praise; it did not contain a large number of hymns, which had fully vindicated their adaptation for Christian worship, and quickened the devotions of all sections of the Protestant Church; and the

arrangement of the hymns in sections was also defective; as hymns which, by virtue of their common subject, should have been grouped together, were scattered through different parts of the book. And besides all these considerations, the union, in the same year, of the New Connexion with the Wesleyans created a strong additional reason for providing one hymn-book for the united body.

Only two courses were open to us, under these circumstances. Either to adopt the Hymn-Book of the English Wesleyan Church, or that of the M. E. Church, or to prepare a hymn-book for the use of our people. Against the adoption of a hymn-book, which was compiled by another branch of Methodism, without consulting the taste or wants of our people, and over the copyright or price of which we would have no control, there were unanswerable objections, which it would be superfluous to enumerate here. At the General Conference, which met in the city of Toronto in September, 1874, a Committee on the Hymn-Book question was appointed; which reported in favour of appointing a Committee to prepare a new Hymn-Book. But as the Book-Steward had just published a new book of tunes and hymns, according to the old book, and for other reasons, the report of this Committee, in the form presented, was not adopted. The question was, however, pretty fully discussed. A proposal to adopt the English book was voted down; and, finally, a resolution was passed, appointing the same Committee, with some additional members, to prepare the materials for a new Hymn-Book, and report to the next General Conference. During the following four years, the subject was discussed at intervals in the *Christian Guardian;* and throughout the Church the expediency and necessity of providing a new hymn-book became more deeply and widely felt. In the summer of 1878, the Committee met in the city of Quebec, and spent nearly two weeks at the work. Their labours were chiefly confined to determining what hymns in the old book should be retained; and what abbreviations and emendations of hymns should be made. This unfinished work was submitted to the General Conference, which met in Montreal in the following September, with a recommendation that all the hymns selected, whether from the old book or from other sources, should be grouped under proper heads, according to their subjects. A warm and lengthy discussion ensued, in

which some argued in favour of retaining the first part of the old Wesleyan book, as it was left at the death of Mr. Wesley, without alteration or emendation, with a Supplement to include all other hymns selected. A still larger number defended the report of the Hymn-Book Committee, which was adopted; and a resolution passed by a large majority of the General Conference, reappointing the Hymn-Book Committee, with instructions to complete and publish a hymn-book for the use of our Church, within a period of two years. During the year following the General Conference, in the Eastern and Western sections of the Committee, a number of meetings of sub-Committees were held; mainly to select new hymns not in the old book. In September, 1879, both sections of the Committee met at Cobourg, in a final meeting, and spent about ten days, in reviewing the work of the sub-Committees, especially the selection of new hymns. The work was completed, so far as the selection of hymns, and the determination of the sections in which they were to be placed were concerned. The preparation of the "copy," the affixing of headings, and the supervision of the printing and publishing, were committed to an Editorial Committee of three. From this brief statement of the historic facts of the case, it must be evident to all, that the preparation of a new hymn-book was rendered necessary by a combination of circumstances; that the work was not undertaken hastily, but after full discussion; and that every step taken has been taken under the direction of the General Conference of our Church, after mature deliberation.

Plan and Arrangement of the Book.

As the Hymn-Book will be shortly placed in the hands of our people, and I have been fully cognizant of the reasons that have influenced the Committee in everything they have done, it may be as well that I should state briefly the considerations by which the Committee were actuated, in those things to which any objections would be at all likely to be offered. If these remarks take the form of a defence, it is not because I have any misgiving respecting the wisdom and expediency of the course adopted; but because I know there are always those who are likely to find fault with every change, however wise or necessary.

The chief objection, urged at the General Conference, related to the proposed arrangement of the hymns. It seems almost

an axiomatic truth, which no one would be likely to dispute, that all the hymns selected for any hymn-book should be arranged according to their character, or subject, under appropriate headings. Yet this, by some, was strongly opposed. Every one must admit that order greatly facilitates the finding of a hymn on any subject. It makes the book more available for use. A good hymn is far more likely to be used, when found in association with hymns of the same class. Good order makes all other things, as well as hymns, more available for use. Want of order has the contrary effect. The adoption of a Supplement, as in the old hymn-book, at least, implies that hymns of the same character shall be separated into two groups, some to be found in one part of the book, and some in another; which of itself would be a serious fault. Nobody pretended that such an arrangement was better, or more convenient, than what the Committee proposed. The sole reason, given in its favour, was the alleged desirability of keeping the hymn-book as John Wesley left it, without change or alteration, as a sacred relic that should not be touched by any modern hand.

To this plan there are very strong objections, which cannot be easily set aside. In the first place, the book, as Wesley left it, only exists in imagination; for a number of hymns have been left out, and others inserted in the old part, since Wesley's death. Although, as Mr. Lathern has shown, Mr. Wesley was a pioneer in this matter of the arrangement of hymns, distancing all previous compilers, yet no impartial and competent judge would say, that the arrangement of the old book was so perfect, considered as a Church hymnal, as to be incapable of improvement. In almost every section of the book, there are hymns whose character is not at all indicated by the title of the section under which they are placed. This is specially the case with hymns of adoration, suitable for public worship. They are scattered through the book, in sections where no one would expect to find such hymns. Who would expect to find "Eternal Power, whose high abode," in "Believers Watching;" or "Lo! God is here, let us adore," in "Giving Thanks;" or "I give immortal praise," in "Miscellaneous"? I confess, familiar as I was with the old book, I was surprised at the largeness of its supply of hymns of worship and adoration, when, in preparing the copy, I came to group together all that the Committee had assigned to that head. The truth is,

the old bottles would not contain the new wine. The sections of the old book did not cover all the ground that should be embraced in a Church hymn-book. If the sections of the old book were perfect and comprehensive, as some people claim, why did the English Conference, and such men as Richard Watson and Thomas Jackson, feel compelled to adopt a wholly different classification in the "Supplement"? The plea, that our Methodist people felt that the hymns in the first part of the old book were too sacred to be put alongside of any other hymns, could not be well founded; for the people had been using the Supplement for over forty years; and its contents were just as familiar, and its arrangement as sacred, as that of the first part. There was a positive absurdity in assuming that the order and number of every hymn in the old part should be held inviolable; but that it was of no consequence in what order, or association, the hymns retained from the Supplement were placed. Such hymns as the following were not thought worthy to be placed in association with the hymns of the first part:

"Hail, Father, whose creating call,"
"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,"
"Come, sound His praise abroad,"
"How sad our state by nature is,"
"Let everlasting glories crown,"
"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,"
"Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,"
"Commit thou all thy griefs,"
"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,"
"God of my life, through all my days,"
"Give me the wings of faith to rise,"
"How happy every child of grace,"
"Come, let us join our friends above,"
"Father of mercies, in thy word,"
"O happy day that fixed my choice."

We think it would be hard to select an equal number of hymns more sacredly treasured in Methodist hearts than these. It should be remembered, that many hymns, not written by Methodist authors, have been adopted and used by Methodists, more than by any other Church; and have enshrined themselves in the hearts of Methodists as the personal expression of their most sacred religious hopes and joys. Whatever the authors may have been, the hymns are Methodist hymns now.

Abbreviations and Emendations.

All honour to John Wesley! I would not take a single leaf from the laurels that a century has placed upon his brow. In the good judgment displayed in the selection and arrangement of hymns, he was as much ahead of his times as in most other things. Any person of taste, who will compare the parts of his brother's poems selected for hymns with what he omitted, will see convincing proof of this. The portions left out are generally inferior in sentiment and expression to what is retained. But some people carry their worshipful reverence for Wesley to such an extreme, as to deem it utter presumption for any one to question the assumption, that everything which Wesley did is so perfect as to be incapable of improvement. However hastily he may have selected a hymn, or assigned it its place, amid the pressure of a busy life, it would be disloyalty to Methodism, even after the light of a century, to admit that everything is not infallibly perfect! It should be borne in mind, that many of Charles Wesley's hymns were not written to be sung to music. They are fragments of long religious poems, selected by his brother to be sung by the people. By what law of religious liberty, or sound reason, then, can it be maintained that the number of verses selected by Mr. Wesley is, in every case, the infallibly precise number that should be retained of that poem in our hymn-books, to the end of time? It is not fair to bring a charge of "mutilation" against a judicious abbreviation of a long hymn. Was Mr. Wesley, a hundred years ago, in a better position than we are now, to know the length of the hymns we should sing in our services, or the forms of expression that accord with the best literary taste of our day? Would this unquestioning submission to the authority of opinions of the last century, be in harmony with the independent way in which Wesley exercised his own judgment as to what was best? So some seem to think. And that too, when we know by actual experience, that in many cases portions of these long hymns are only weights on the good verses of the hymns, lessening the chances of their being sung. A hymn in a book of praise should be a reasonable length for being sung at one time. A hymn of four or five verses is four times more likely to be sung, than the equally excellent verses in a hymn of nine or ten verses. Religious poems for devotional

reading may be good in their place; but a Church hymn-book is not the place for them. The hymns omitted are nearly all hymns that, after a century's trial, have contributed little or nothing to our service of praise. To take for granted, that every hymn in the old book has an unimpeachable claim to be retained forever in our hymn-book, is to surrender our judgments blindly to the authority of a great name. Some of them are marked by the stilted and extravagant expression, and fanciful conceits, which marred much of the poetry of the eighteenth century. Any one who examines the portions of poems of Charles Wesley, purposely omitted by his brother, will see that the omission was sometimes made on account of the sentiments taught, as well as for poetic inferiority. But all to which exception might be taken was not omitted. There is a vast difference between the best and the worst of Charles Wesley's hymns. The best are the finest religious lyrics in the language. The worst are poor enough. It is a great mistake for any one to think that he befriends a poet, or enhances his fame, by forcing what is weak and faulty in his writings on public attention. While freely admitting the general excellence of Wesley's judgment, as seen in his noble collection, I am not prepared to admit his infallibility, and complete freedom from the faults of his age. If his choice was so infallibly correct, how did he come to exclude from his final "Collection" some of the finest hymns that he had published in previous books—hymns that have won an imperishable place in the hymnody of the Church? I do not refer only to those of Watts; but to some of Charles Wesley's best hymns, such as "How happy every child of grace," "Come, let us join our friends above," etc.; though he retained many much inferior to them. It is quite proper for any one to praise or defend any omitted hymns of which he approves; but for the compilers of a new hymn-book to surrender the right to exercise their judgment, and to take hymns unquestioningly, because they were selected a hundred years ago by Mr. Wesley, is something that can hardly commend itself to any but the blindest worshippers of the past. As I note the frequent repetition of the same thoughts, I am convinced that the Hymn-book Committee erred on the side of conservatism, rather than by omitting too many old hymns.

But the severest censure is generally reserved for the emendations of hymns. It is taken for granted that the orginal version

is always the best, that no one has any right to change the words of a hymn-writer, and that a great wrong is committed against the author, wherever this is done. It may be frankly admitted that no one has a right to change an author's meaning, so as to make him responsible for sentiments which he did not hold; but I maintain that emendations, which remove a serious fault, and really make a hymn more suitable for use, are not unwarrantable. We do not read a hymn to learn the writer's views, as we read an article, or a book. It is more like a form of prayer. We adopt its language as our own, for devotional use. If, in thus using it to express our feelings, we want to omit some unsuitable or questionable word, or expression, what right has the author of it to say, "No, you must either sing it just as I wrote it, or not sing it at all"? If the emendation is really an improvement, no injury is done to the author. Many good hymn-writers have unaccountably left very faulty expressions in otherwise excellent hymns, which others have removed. No doubt, many hymns have been sadly marred by the mending. Everything depends, however, upon the quality of the emendation. If it has lessened the value and beauty of the hymn, it must be condemned. But, if something objectionable and faulty has been removed, and the hymn thereby made more likely to be used by persons of cultivated taste, why should the emendation be denounced as a crime? Why should we vitiate the literary taste of our young people, by retaining in our hymn-book expressions that cannot fail to be offensive to good taste? Authors are proverbially sensitive about changes in their hymns; yet the original form has not always been the best. We may feel confident that, in some cases, the authors would have the grace to approve of the changes made in their hymns by other hands. Doddridge wrote:

> "Christ shall the table spread,
> With His own royal hand,
> And raise that *favourite* servant's head
> Amid the angelic band."

A modern critic says, "To substitute 'faithful' for 'favourite' is really, in a case of this kind, more a matter of duty than of choice." It is easy to show, that many favourite hymns are largely indebted for their popularity to emendations, made by others than the authors. Dr. Watts wrote,

"The God that rules on high;
That thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas."

This is greatly inferior to the amended version in our hymn-book.

"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies"

is incomparably better than

"He dies, the heavenly Lover dies,"

as Watts wrote it. Toplady, in his immortal hymn, wrote

"When my *eye-strings break* in death,"

not as in our hymn-book,

"When my eyes shall close in death."

Hardly any one will deny that

"We'll sing the glories of His name"

is better than,

"We'll sing our Jesu's *lovely* name."

Or that,

"Light of life appear within"

is better than,

"Woman's Seed appear within."

It would be easy to multiply similar illustrations. All competent and impartial judges, who have read our old hymn-book with critical attention, must admit that there is scattered through it extravagant and inelegant expressions that are wholly indefensible. The fact that we have become so familiar with these phrases as not to notice their grotesqueness, only proves that their frequent use has blunted our delicacy of feeling in matters of literary taste. These blots and mixed figures occur in some of the finest hymns in the book; and an irrelevant or incongruous thought sometimes destroys the unity of a hymn. Such expressions as the unscriptural figure, "to dwell *within thy wounds,*" in 26;" "my heaven in *hell,*" in 209; "the *vilest reptile* me," in 206; "Lord, *I am damned,*" in 132; and "*hell* thrown wide, *pour all its flames upon my head,*" in 272; "*the bowels of our bleeding*

Lamb," in 527; "*acquitted I was,* when He hung on the cross," in 616; "*poor idiots,*" in 211; "Jesus, look to thy faithfulness!" in 401; "the tyrant brandishing his sting," in 181; and many other expressions, can be defended only by adopting Pope's maxim, "whatever is, is right." It would be absurd to argue that because tastes and judgments differ, as to what is really an improvement, there is no standard of judgment; and no one has a right to assume that any alteration is an improvement. It may be said in reply, so do people differ, as to what is moral or immoral; but we do not therefore conclude that we can have no certainty of what is right in conduct, and discard appeals to reason and Scripture. The faults of which I have been speaking were faults of the age, not peculiar to any one. A recent able critic says: "Offences against taste, which also are offences against reverence, are of frequent occurrence in the body of English hymns. Many of these derive their origin from a time, not so discriminating in the use of words and phrases as our own." In matters of taste, as well as doctrine, we should "prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

It would be premature to attempt to form a complete estimate of the value and adaptation of this new Hymn-Book, for the purpose for which it has been compiled, until it is in the hands of the people, and they can judge for themselves as to the correctness of what is said concerning it. The only hymn-books with which it can be fairly compared are the new Wesleyan and American Methodist books. I may venture to say that, in my judgment, it excels the Wesleyan book, in the unity and completeness of its classification of hymns, in the variety and excellence of its new hymns, and by containing a far less number of heavy hymns, that increase the bulk, but add little to the value of a book. It excels the American book, by having a much larger selection of the best Wesleyan hymns, and a much smaller proportion of feeble hymns by other authors than the new "Methodist Hymnal." The Hymn-Book Committee cherish a strong hope that this new hymn-book, with its rich variety of grand and inspiring hymns, will give a new impulse to the worship and devotion of our people; and long continue to be a potent instrumentality in conserving doctrinal purity, and kindling into more vigorous life the faith, and love, and zeal, of the tens of thousands who battle for Christ under the banners of Canadian Methodism.

GREAT REFORMERS.

*JOHN HUSS AND JEROME OF PRAGUE.**

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.

In the summer months of the year 1414, all eyes and all minds in Europe were directed toward the fair city of Constance, a free town of the German empire upon the Boden See. From all parts of Christendom were assembling whatever was most august in Church and State for the greatest Œcumenical Council of Latin Christianity ever held. During the three years and a half of its continuance there were present, though probably not all at the same time, one pope, four patriarchs of the Eastern Church, twenty-nine prince-cardinals, thirty-three archbishops, one hundred and fifty bishops, one hundred and thirty-four abbots, and in all, including doctors, provosts, and other ecclesiastics of various ranks, no less than 18,000 clergy. The Emperor Sigismund, princes of the empire, dukes, burgraves, margraves, counts, barons, and other nobles and deputies of the Free Cities and representatives of the great powers of Christendom, with their numerous retinues, swelled the population of the little city from 40,000 to 140,000 persons. Now shrunken, to a town of only 10,000, it gleams, with its crown of grey stone towers, surrounded by the waters of the Boden See, like a pearl set in sapphires.

Far different was the aspect of the busy scene in those bright summer days four centuries and a half ago. Down the chestnut-covered slopes of the Alps wound, day after day and week after week, the stately cavalcades of sovereign princes and the ambassadors of kings, of cardinals and prelates, with glittering escorts of gallant knights and mail-clad men-at-arms, or with splendid and numerous retainers. Bands of pilgrims in humbler guise, on horseback or on foot, chanting Latin hymns or beguiling the way with jest or story, swelled the train. Chapmen and merchants brought goods of every sort on the backs of mules or in lumbering vehicles, to supply every demand of luxury or necessity. The

* The principal authorities consulted in the preparation of this sketch have been the Lives of Huss and Jerome, by Emile de Bonnechose; Milman's Latin Christianity, and Mosheim and other historians of the period.

blue lake was gemmed with snowy sails, wafting their contingent of priests or laymen, of pride and pomp, to that strange assemblage.

"It was not only, it might seem," writes the graphic pen of Milman, "to be a solemn Christian council, but a European congress, a vast central fair, where every kind of commerce was to be conducted on the boldest scale, and where chivalrous or histrionic or other amusements were provided for idle hours, and for idle people. It might seem a final and concentrated burst and manifestation of mediæval devotion, mediæval splendour, mediæval diversions; all ranks, all orders, all pursuits, all professions, all trades, all artisans, with their various attire, habits, manners, language, crowded into a single city. Day after day the air was alive with the standards of princes and the banners emblazoned with the armorial bearings of sovereigns, of nobles, of knights, of imperial cities, or glittering with the silver crozier, borne before some magnificent bishop or mitred abbot. Night after night the silence was broken by the pursuivants and trumpeters announcing the arrival of some high or mighty count or duke, or the tinkling mule-bells of some lowlier caravan. The streets were crowded with curious spectators, eager to behold some splendid prince or ambassador, some churchman famous in the pulpit, in the school, in the council, or it might be in the battle-field, or even some renowned minnesinger or popular jongleur." * Booths and wooden buildings were erected without the walls, and thousands of pilgrims encamped in the adjoining country. All the great nations were represented:—Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Hungary, the Tyrol, the Black Forest, and Thuringia, Brabant, Flanders, the distant north, England and Scotland, and even Constantinople and Antioch.

The great object of this Council was threefold: First, to put an end to the great schism which for six-and-thirty years had rent Catholic Christendom. During that time pope and anti-pope —at one time three rival popes—had hurled their mutual anathemas and recriminations at each other's heads, to the great scandal of the Church and the relaxtion of the bonds of discipline, and indeed of all ecclesiastical authority, and to the consequent corruption of morals. Second, to reform the state of religion,

* *Latin Christianity*, Murray's Ed., Vol. viii., pp. 228, 229.

which had greatly suffered through this chronic strife and schism. And thirdly, for the suppression of heresy—a task for which the Churchmen of the day were always eager and alert. To give the history of the Council is not the purpose of this brief sketch, but to trace the course and far-reaching consequences of its heresy-quelling efforts in the judicial murder of John Huss and of Jerome of Prague.

Of the many thousands of priests or laymen assembled in the city of Constance at this eventful period, probably not one seemed, in appearance, less likely to attract the attention of the great Council or to transmit his name to after times than the humble priest from the distant kingdom of Bohemia, who rode quietly into the town, and took up his lodgings in the house of a poor widow. Yet to thousands throughout Christendom this august assembly is known only through the heroic martyrdom of Jerome and Huss ; and multitudes of pilgrims are drawn, by the spell of their moral heroism, from many lands to visit the scene of their sufferings. Not the scenes of stately pageantry of imperial pomp and pride, but the dismal dungeons in which the martyrs languished, and the rude rock which commemorates their death at the stake, are the most sacred places and are invested with the most hallowed memories of the city of Constance.

The Bohemian Reformation was the direct offspring of English Lollardism. John Huss was the disciple of John Wycliffe. The relations of the two countries were intimate. Anne of Bohemia, the consort of Richard II., favoured the new doctrine. Jerome of Prague sat at Wycliffe's feet at Oxford, and brought his writings in great numbers to Bohemia, and translated them into the common speech.

In the little town of Hussinetz, from which he takes his name, was born, in the year 1373, the child whose heroic after-career and tragic death were to be, in the eyes of millions, the chief glory of his native land. Huss was instructed in all the learning of his age, and took honourable degrees at the University of Prague—the decorations, says his biographer, of a victim for the sacrifice. He was characterized by youthful piety and fervent zeal. While reading the Life of St. Lawrence, it is said, he was aroused to enthusiasm, and thrust his hand into the flames to try what part of the martyr's sufferings he could endure—an unconscious forecast of his own tragic fate and undying fame.

On account of his learning and piety, Huss became preacher in the University and chaplain to the Queen. He rapidly rose to distinction at the University, which was attended by 20,000, or, as Milman says, 30,000 students of Bohemia and Germany,* and at length became rector. He studied carefully the works of Wycliffe, and preached boldly his doctrines. The Archbishop of Prague denounced those teachings, and threatened with the heretics' death —the death of the stake—all who should preach them. Huss was not the man to speak with bated breath at the command of authority. The strife between Churchmen and Wycliffites became a burning question at the University. The Bohemians took sides with their countrymen against the Germans, and in street, on bridge, and in square the hot-headed gownsmen substituted clubs and stones for syllogisms and arguments. The German faction were deprived of certain rights of voting for academic offices, and in revenge they abandoned the city and established the rival University of Leipsic.†

John Huss continued fearlessly to preach against the corruptions of religion and the vices of the clergy. Pope Alexander V. issued a bull against the doctrines of Wycliffe, and the Archbishop of Prague committed two hundred of his books, many of them the property of the University, to the flames. Huss protested against this wanton destruction, and procured payment for the costly manuscripts. His own safety was menaced, but he continued to preach. He appealed from the judgment of a venal pope to the unerring tribunal of the skies. "I, John Huss," he wrote, "offer this appeal to Jesus Christ, my Master and my just Judge, who knows, defends, and judges the just cause." He was summoned to Rome, charged with every conceivable crime. The Bohemian king and people, fearing the machinations of his enemies, refused to let him cross the Alps, and he retired for a time into seclusion. From his retreat he sent forth a book demonstrating what Rome has never yet admitted, that the writings of the so-called heretics should be studied, not burned.

There now came to Bohemia vendors of indulgences, seeking to gain thereby recruits for the Pope's war against Ladislaus, King of Naples. The blasphemous sale of remission of sins past, and permission for sins in the future, which a century later

* It has still 154 professors and 1,871 students.

† It is now the foremost in Europe, with 107 professors and 2,876 students

awoke the indignation of Luther, aroused the abhorrence of Huss. He boldly denounced the impiety of the "sin-mongers," and his disciple, Jerome, burned the Pope's bull beneath the gallows. "Dear master," said the Town Council to the rector, "we are astonished at your lighting up a fire, in which you run the risk of being burned yourself." But the heroic soul heeded not the prophetic words. He went everywhere preaching with tongue and pen against the doctrine of indulgences, the worship of images, the corruptions of the clergy. "They who cease to preach," he said, "will be reputed traitors in the day of judgment."

The last bolt of Papal vengeance was hurled. The city of Prague, and wherever Huss sojourned, were laid under an interdict. A silence and gloom as of death fell upon the land. No longer the matin bell or Angelus rang from the minster spire, or the twin-towered Theinkirche, or from the many belfries of church or monastery. Even the dying were denied the last unction and sacred viaticum for the journey to the spirit world, and their bodies were consigned to earth without the hallowed rites of religion—the wrath of man casting deeper darkness over the shadows of the grave. But the nation was aroused. "Huss," says Milman, "was now no isolated teacher, no mere follower of a condemned English heretic; he was even more than the head of a sect; he almost represented a kingdom—no doubt much more than the half of Bohemia." Like Luther's, his words were half battles. His books on the Abominations of Monks and the Members of Antichrist, directed against the hierarchy, were sledge-hammer blows that were felt throughout Europe.

It was at this juncture that the Council of Constance was convoked. Huss, strong in the consciousness of his integrity, proffered to go thither and to vindicate his orthodoxy before the great tribunal of Christendom. In a paper affixed to the gates of the palace at Prague, he challenged his enemies to meet and confute him at the great Council. Yet he was not without his forebodings of evil. In a sealed paper which he left, containing his will and confession, to be opened only on his death, he wrote: "I expect to meet as many enemies at Constance as our Lord at Jerusalem—the wicked clergy, even some secular princes, and those pharisees the monks." "I confide," he wrote to a friend,

"altogther in the all-powerful God—in my Saviour. I trust that He will accord me His Holy Spirit, to fortify me in His truth, so that I may face with courage temptations, prisons, and, if necessary, a cruel death. Therefore, beloved, if my death ought to contribute to His glory, pray that it may come quickly, and that He may enable me to support all my calamities with constancy. Probably, therefore, you will never more behold my face at Prague."

Before setting out on his journey, he asked and received from Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, a safe-conduct, commanding all ecclesiastical and secular princes to allow him "to pass, sojourn, stop, and return freely and surely." He travelled unattended, on horseback, through Sallzbach, Inspruck, and Nuremburg, and took lodgings in the house of a poor widow, whom he compares to her of Sarepta, at Constance. Pope John XXIII., who was trembling for fear of his own safety, received him graciously. He solemnly declared: "Though John Huss had killed my own brother, I would not permit any harm to be done to him in Constance." Yet he eagerly sacrificed him in the hope of averting his own fate. John had two rival popes to contend with—Gregory XII. and Benedict XIII. (They were all three subsequently deposed by the Council, and Martin V. elected in their place.) To prevent or postpone his own deposition, Pope John entered upon the persecution and suppression of heresy, an object which he felt would unite, for the time at least, all the rival factions of the Council.

Two bitter enemies of Huss, whom he had worsted in controversy—an offence not to be forgiven—had preceded him to Constance, and now preferred charges of heresy. He was summoned to the presence of the pope and cardinals. He demanded to be arraigned before the whole Council, but yielded to the summons, saying, "I shall put my trust in our Saviour, Jesus Christ, and shall be more happy to die for His glory than to live denying the truth." Notwithstanding his appeal to the safe-conduct of the Emperor, he was separated from his Bohemian friend and protector, the noble John de Chlum, and confined in prison, first in the bishop's palace, and then in a dungeon of the Dominican convent, on an island near the city. In this loathsome vault, its walls reeking with damp, and so dark that only for a short time each day was he able to read by the feeble light

struggling through an aperture in the roof—for well-nigh eight weary months, with irons on his legs and fastened by a chain to the wall *—the valiant confessor languished, and only escaped from its durance vile through the door of martyrdom. The old monastery is now—such changes brings the whirligig of time—a hotel, and modern tourists loiter in the quaint Romanesque cloisters, and dine in the vaulted refectory of the monks, above the dungeon of John Huss.

The Emperor Sigismund broke into a rage at the violation of his safe-conduct, and gave orders "immediately to set John Huss at liberty, and, if necessary, to break open the doors of his prison." But the persistence of the pope prevented his release. On Christmas Day the Emperor himself arrived, and in the grand old cathedral, dating from 1048, he read, in the dalmatic of a deacon, the lesson for the day: "There went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus"—an ill omen to the pope of the influence of this modern Cæsar. On a throne of state sat Sigismund and the Empress. To the former the pope presented a sword, exhorting him to use it for the defence of the Council. It was upon himself that its weight first fell.

No open breach, however, as yet took place. The pope presented the Emperor that distinguished reward of the most eminent of the faithful—a golden rose—and offered him the more substantial argument of a subsidy of 200,000 florins. But dark accusations were made against the scandalous life of the sinful old man misnamed "his Holiness." Of such lurid iniquity were these, that an honest English bishop cried out in righteous indignation that "the pope deserved to be burned at the stake." John XXIII. yielded to the inevitable and resigned the papacy, and fled by stealth in the mean disguise of a groom, riding on an ill-accoutred horse, with a cross-bow on the pommel of his saddle, from Constance to Schaffhausen, and afterwards to the depths of the Black Forest—"A wandering vagabond," says a contemporary chronicler, "seeking rest and finding none—*Vagabundus mobilis, quærens requiem et non inveniens.*"

The accusations against the fugitive pope were formulated in

* Years after his death, it was said that this indignity was inflicted because Huss attempted to escape. But all the evidence available is against that accusation, which, even if true, would have been no justification of his treatment.

seventy-two distinct charges. Sixteen of these, as too unutterably vile for discussion, were dropped. Of the remaining fifty-six he was convicted, and was solemnly deposed by the Council from St. Peter's chair. His armorial bearings were defaced, his "fisherman's ring" was broken, and he was brought back a captive and consigned to the very prison in which, for six months, the victim of his tyranny had languished. But what a contrast between these men! The wretched, deposed pontiff—hurled for his crimes from his high place, and crushed by his infamy—exclaimed in the bitterness of his soul: "Would to God that I had never mounted to such a height! Since then I have never known a happy day." In a cell separated by the space of but a few steps, sat and wrote, by the dim light struggling into his dungeon, the heroic confessor and destined martyr of the faith. Unmoved by the rage of his enemies, his soul is strong in God. In his heroic majesty of spirit, he refuses life and liberty at the cost of doing violence to his conscience.

PRAYER.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

THE broken, lowly cry of conscious need
  Touches the key of heaven's conducting wire,
  And upwards darts its rays of living fire.
While hope's first prayer from doubt and anguish freed,
The covenant angel bends his ear to read,
  A band of seraphs strike their golden lyre;
  Then from the court of heaven at once retire,
Swift outward strike their gleaming wings, and speed
With blissful answers of successful prayer:
  As when Elijah lingered on the mount;
While from the sea the spreading cloud drew near,
  And every vale and every parched fount
That drinketh water of the rain of heaven
Steeped its glad lips in the full answer given.

HAMILTON, *Ont.*

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER V.—WAR SCENES.

THE "Blanche Croix" was a small inn in a narrow street running back to the wall at the rear of the town. A reminiscence of this wall is still maintained in the name Fortification Lane. The inn was of one story, with thick stone walls, which rose in immense gables, with huge chimneys. The steep roof, in which were two rows of small dormer windows, was almost twice as high as the walls, which gave the quaint old house the appearance of a very small man with a very large hat. Mine host, Jean Baptiste La Farge, a rubicund old fellow, who wore, as the badge of his calling as town baker, a white cap and apron, was at first indisposed to entertain the wayfarers. "Dis is one auberge Canadienne. Me no like de Englees. Dey take my contree."

The pert Pierre called attention to the Governor's note, which La Farge held in his hand without looking at it.

"Well, what is dis? You know I not read."

Pierre glibly rattled off the contents of the note, commending the travellers to his good offices, which produced a remarkable change in the manner of Jean Baptiste.

"Oh, if it will oblige Monsieur le Governeur, I will have de grand plaiser to entertain messieurs and de madames. Marie! Marie!" he called to his wife—a black-eyed dame in bright red kirtle and snowy Norman cap—and asked her to conduct the women to the guest chambers. With a bright smile and polite courtesy, a universal language understood by all—she knew no English—she led them up the narrow stair to the attic chamber, while the men went to bring their little effects from the boat.

"This is more like the little cabin on shipboard than like a house," said Barbara Heck. "But see what a pretty view," she continued, as she looked out of the little window that overlooked the town wall. Just without a bright streamlet rippled through a green meadow—it now flows darkling underground, beneath the

pavement of Craig Street—and beyond rose the green forest-covered slope of Mount Royal.

"What's this?" asked Mary Embury, who had been exploring the little room, pointing to a small earthenware image of the Madonna.

"La Sainte Vierge, la Mere de Dieu," replied Marie, at the same time crossing herself and courtesying to the image.

"Why, Barbara," exclaimed the young widow, "she must be a heathen to worship that idol."

"They must be Catholics," replied Barbara. "Many's the one I've known in dear old Ireland; but there they had pictures in their houses—not images."

"Won't they murder us some night?" asked the timid widow, in a low whisper.

"No fear," answered Barbara, endowed both with more courage and more charity. "I doubt not they are honest people; and as we have clearer light, we must try to teach them better."

The loyalist immigrants were anxious to take up land and to earn their living by tilling the soil. But in the disturbed state of the country and threatened American invasion, the Governor dissuaded them from it, and offered them employment in strengthening the defensive works of the town. Captain Featherstone had an empty storehouse at the barracks fitted up for their reception, and they were soon comfortably settled in a home of their own.

"Sure this is better," said Mary Embury, looking from the upper windows over the wall, upon the broad and shining reaches of the river, "than being cooped up in that small attic; and to see that heathen creature bowing and praying to them idols fairly made my flesh creep."

"Poor thing," replied Barbara, "she knows no better. I wish I could speak her language. I long to tell her to go to the Saviour at once, without praying to either saint or angel."

We turn now to notice briefly the concurrent public events of the province. Sir Guy Carleton, the Governor-General of Canada, resolved to recover, if possible, Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which, as we have seen, had been seized by the insurgent American colonists. He called upon the seigneurs to enrol their tenants or *censitaires*, in accordance with the terms of the feudal tenure by which they held their lands. Many of the seigneurs

responded promptly to this appeal, but the tenantry, who had not forgotten the hardships of the late war, denied their liability to military service. The Governor, who had scarcely eight hundred regular soldiers at his command for the protection of the province, declared martial law to be in force, and endeavoured to call out the militia by proclamation. But even this appeal, backed up as it was by the mandate of Bishop De Briand, exhorting the people to take up arms, was ineffectual.

The American Congress now resolved on the invasion of Canada, believing that the revolted colonists had many sympathizers in the country, who were only waiting for the presence of an armed force to declare in favour of the Revolution.

In the month of September, a colonial force of a thousand men, under General Schuyler, advanced by way of Lake Champlain against Montreal; and another, under Colonel Arnold, by way of the Kennebec and Chaudière, against Quebec. General Carleton still endeavoured, but at first with only very partial success, to enlist the co-operation of the French for the defence of the country. They were not, indeed, seduced from their allegiance by the blandishments of the revolted colonies; but, for the most part, they continued apathetic, till their homes were in danger. Some of the French Canadians, however, as well as English, sympathized with the invaders, and gave them both passive and active assistance.

While Schuyler was held in check at Fort St. John, on the Richelieu, Colonel Ethan Allen, with some three hundred men, advanced to Montreal. Crossing the river by night, he attempted to surprise the town; but the vigilance of the little garrison frustrated his design. In the dim dawn of a September morning —it was the 25th of the month—Barbara Heck was aroused by an unusual commotion in the barrack-square. It was before the hour of the réveille, and yet the shrill blare of the bugle rent the air, and the rapid roll and throb of drums beat to arms. The soldiers rushed from their quarters to take their places in their companies, buckling on their belts and adjusting their accoutrements as they ran. The sharp, quick words of command of the officers were heard, and the clatter of the muskets as the men grounded their arms on the stone pavement. Ball cartridge was served out, and the little company filed through the narrow

streets and out of the western gate of the town, where Notre Dame now intersects McGill Street.

There were only 280 men, including militia, to attack a superior force, who had taken up their position behind farm-houses and barns without the walls. They were speedily captured and brought in prisoners into the town. Only four of the English force were slain, but one of these was Major Carsden, the officer in command, who had recklessly exposed his life; and another was a leading merchant, an officer of the militia, who rivalled the regulars in their courage and zeal. Several, however, were severely wounded, and in nursing these Barbara Heck and Mary Embury found opportunity for the exercise of their woman's tenderness and sympathy.

"Sure we left our comfortable homes," said Mary Embury, "to escape these rude alarms of war; and here they are brought to our very door. But the will of God be done."

"I doubt if it be His will," replied Barbara, "I fear it is more the work of the Devil. 'Whence come wars and fighting among you?' says St. James. 'Ye lust and have not, ye kill and desire to have.' How long, O Lord, how long will men thus seek to destroy each other? Surely the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. But God permits this evil, I fear, for the hardness of men's hearts."

Scarcely had the wailing music of the Dead March, which had followed the slain major and merchant to the grave, ceased, when the shrill scream of the pipe and rapid throb of the drum invited the townsmen to enrol for an attack on the enemy, who were beseiging Forts St John and Chambly.

"Now, my fine fellow," said Major Featherstone, who had succeeded to the rank and title of his slain superior officer, to Paul Heck, "why don't you take service for the King? With your education and steady habits you're sure to be corporal before the campaign is over."

"I have taken service under the best of kings," said Paul, devoutly, "and I desire no better. And as for King George, God bless him, I am willing to suffer in body and estate for his cause; but fight I cannot. I would ever hear the voice of the Master whom I serve, saying, 'Put up thy sword in its sheath.'"

"You're an impracticable fellow, Heck. How ever would the world wag if everybody was of your way of thinking?"

"I doubt not the widows and orphans of His Majesty's slain soldiers think it would wag on better than it does without so much fighting. And if we believe the Bible, we must believe the day is coming when the nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their swords into pruning hooks, and learn war no more."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the major; and tapping his sword by his side, he added, "But not in my time will this good blade's occupation be gone."

"I fear not, more's the pity," said Paul, with a sigh.

"But the Methodists are not all like you," the major continued. "When I was an ensign in the 'King's Own,' in Flanders, there were a lot of Methodists in the army. In my own company there was a fellow named Haime, a tremendous fellow to preach and pray. In barrack he was as meek as a lamb, let the fellows shy their belts and boots at him, and persecute him to no end. But when he was before the enemy, he was the bravest man in the army. Another fellow named Clements, in the Heavy Dragoons, had his left arm shattered at Fontenoy. But he wouldn't go to the rear. 'No,' he said, 'I've got my sword-arm yet,' and he rode with his troop like a hero, against the French cuirassiers."

Paul's eyes had kindled while listening to the tale, but he merely said, "I judge them not. A man must follow his own lights. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. But they died well, as well as lived well, the Methodists in the army, I'm sure."

"That they did. I never saw the like," continued the major, with genuine admiration. "There was a Welshman named Evans—John Evans—an artilleryman, a great hand to preach, too, had both his legs taken off by a chain-shot at Maestricht. They laid him on a gun-caisson, and he did nothing but praise God and exhort the men around him as long as he could speak. I'll never forget his last words. His captain asked him if he suffered much. 'Bless you, captain,' he gasped, 'I'm as happy as I can be out of heaven,'* and fell back dead. I never jeered at the Methodists since, as, I'm sorry to say, I used to do before.

* For these incidents, and many others like them, see Stevens' History of Methodism.

I felt, and I'm not ashamed to own it, that there was something in religion that they understood, and that I didn't."

"Dear major, you may understand it and know all about it. The dear Lord will teach you, if you only will ask Him."

"Thank you, my good fellow. But I see I can't make a recruit of you for active service. I'll have to make you hospital sergeant."

"I would fain make a recruit of you, sir, for the best of masters, in the best of service. As for the hospital, fain and glad I'll be to do all that I can for both the bodies and the souls of my fellow-men, especially for them that need it most. But I'll do it for love, not for money. I can't take the King's shilling."

John Lawrence, however, did not share the scruples of his friend, Paul Heck, and eagerly volunteered for the relief of Fort St. John, on the Richelieu. Colonel Richard Montgomery, a brave and generous Irish gentleman, whose tragic fate has cast a halo around his memory, had succeeded Schuyler in the command of the American invading expedition. He vigorously urged the siege of Forts St. John and Chambly. The latter ingloriously surrendered to two hundred Americans, after a siege of a day and a half. The prisoners, one hundred and sixty-eight in number, were sent to Connecticut. The capture of seventeen cannon, and six tons of powder, was of immense advantage to Montgomery, enabling him to press with greater vigour the siege of Fort St. John.

Meanwhile, General Carleton, by great efforts, got together about eight hundred Canadians, regulars, and Indians, for the relief of the garrison of Fort St. John. On the 31st of October, he attempted, in thirty-four boats, to cross the St. Lawrence from Montreal, in order to effect a junction with Colonel Maclean at Sorel. A great crowd of the townspeople—the mothers, wives, and children of the volunteers, and other non-combatants, gathered on the shore or watched from the walls the departure of the little flotilla. From the windows of their own dwelling, Paul and Barbara Heck and Mary Embury followed with their prayers the expedition in which they were the more interested that it bore their friend and companion in exile, John Lawrence. Gallantly the batteaux rode the waves, and under the impulse of strong arms resisted the downward sweep of the current. The

red coats gleamed and the bayonets flashed in the morning sun, as, with ringing cheer on cheer, boat after boat pushed off, and the music of fife and drum grew fainter and fainter as they receded from the shore. They had almost reached the opposite bank, where the village of Longueuil now stands, when, from out the bushes that lined the shore, where lay an ambush of 300 men, there flashed a deadly volley of musketry, and the deep roar of two pieces of artillery boomed through the air. Instantly everything was in the direst confusion. Many men were wounded. Some of the boats were shattered and began to sink. After a brief resistance, General Carleton gave the word to retreat, and the discomfited expedition slowly made its way back to Montreal.

"The Lord have mercy upon them," exclaimed Barbara Heck, as from her window she saw the flash and heard the sound of the first fire. But she was even more startled by the sudden gasp of Mary Embury, beside her, and looking round, she beheld her turn ashen pale and fall fainting to the floor. The usual restoratives of the period—cold water and burnt feathers—were speedily applied, and the swoon passed gradually away.

"Dear heart," said Barbara, gently caressing her pale cheek, "they are in the Lord's hands. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

"What has happened?" asked Mary Embury, in a weak, bewildered voice; and then, "Oh, I remember. It is not the Lord's doings. It is those wicked men. Can they not let us bide in peace? Why do they follow us even here? Is—is John hurt?" she asked, blushing with eagerness.

"No, Molly dear, thank God," exclaimed Lawrence, bursting into the room. "Though we had a desperate time of it, and many a gallant fellow has got his death blow, I fear. They want you, Barbara, in the hospital. Paul is there already. They are bringing in the wounded."

"I can't leave Mary, you see," said Barbara, administering a cordial.

"Oh, yes you can," exclaimed the fair young matron, becoming rapidly convalescent. The safe return of John Lawrence seemed to have a more restorative effect than even the burnt feathers. There was a rather awkward self-consciousness on the part of each of having betrayed feelings of which they had hardly, till that moment, been fully aware. It sometimes happens that

chemical solutions may become super-saturated with some salt, which, upon a sudden jar of the vessel, will shoot instantly into solid crystals. So also it may happen that certain feelings may be in unconscious solution, as it were, in our souls, which suddenly, under the agitating impulse of some great crisis, may crystallize into conscious reality. So was it with these two honest and loving hearts. For years they had known each other well, and with growing esteem. But since their common exile, they had been drawn more together. The bereaved young widow had leaned for sympathy upon the warm heart of Barbara Heck; but she had unconsciously come to lean also for protection on the strong arm of John Lawrence. The peril through which he had just passed was the shock that revealed her feelings to herself. But the present, with its awful shadow of disaster and death, was no time for the indulgence of tender emotions. So Mary Embury busied herself, with Lawrence's help, in tearing up sheets for bandages, and scraping lint for the wounded, who were being borne beneath the window on bloody litters, to the barrack hospital.

THE USES OF SORROW.

If none were sick and none were sad,
  What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
  We scarcely would be tender.

Did our beloved never need
  Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
  Its sweetest consolation.

If sorrow never claimed our heart,
  And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart,
  Life would be disenchanted.

SANCTIFICATION.

Jacob and Theodore Schoonerhoven were brothers, and strikingly alike in some things; among which was quick and strong perceptions, which gave them a talent for gaining property; for honest labour makes property, and shrewd perception takes it.

Jacob and Theodore were strikingly unlike in what philosophers call conscientiousness. They were educated in the sternest Calvinism. Theodore expected every good thing, and that every advantage belonged to him, and had a vague but comforting assurance that he was elected, if anybody was. Jacob, however, who was generous and unselfish, felt that if anybody was reprobated it was most likely himself. When the brothers were sixteen and eighteen a fatal epidemic prevailed, and many were dying. A general awakening occurred, and religious meetings were held night and day. Theodore was frantic with fear, when his confidence in election was shaken by a doctrinal sermon. He screamed aloud in the congregation, and rent the air with his cries for mercy, distressed not so much by reflection on particular sins, as on the bearing of such sins on the law and honour of God, and the welfare of men as by the general idea that he was a sinner, and exposed to hell. The struggle was not long. He was soon rejoicing in an assurance of pardon. Whether he was influenced by constitutional peculiarity or not, it seemed comparatively easy for Theodore to be satisfied that he was pardoned and accepted. Jacob wore a serious countenance, sometimes wept, yet said but little, and attracted but little notice. He was, however, pained beyond description by a view of his sins, seen in the light of the divine character and law, as seen in their bearing on human welfare, and, most of all, as seen in the light of divine goodness. When he received the "oil of joy for mourning," he put on "the garment of praise" with great meekness, and quietly adored God, the beauty of whose attributes, character, will, laws, and government, he beheld with new eyes; he heard the voice of God with new ears, and his melting heart received every divine impression. Every one said, "What a remarkable display of divine power in the conversion of Theodore Schoonerhoven. Jacob is rather thoughtful, and may become pious, but Theodore is a perfect

Gideon: what a gift in prayer and exhortation, and how he shouts!" Theodore was foremost everywhere, urged on, flattered, and praised. Everybody knew him. Jacob laboured by precept and example to save men, making no display. Few knew him.

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Jacob Schoonerhoven was asked to give his views of "sanctification." The interrogator walked him into the altar, and each seated himself in a chair. It was the interval between services, and they were alone. "It is forty years," said Mr. S., "since my brother Theodore and myself experienced religion. Soon after our conversion he professed sanctification, and urged me to seek for it. I considered the subject. Theodore, after being sanctified, was more forward, more confident, but no more disinterested. He was greedy of gain, shrewd in speculation, taking advantage of his keen perception to amass wealth; having his constitutional selfishness still strong, still blinding his judgment, and causing him to think he ought to be favoured with all good fortune; men ought to work for him cheap; he ought to receive higher wages than others for public services or mechanical labour. What he sells ought to bring a higher price; what he buys ought to be got for little. My brother has never scrupled to buy property at a low price, which he knew was about to rise in value, and to sell at a high price that which was about to fall; he has not scrupled to buy as cheap as possible, young animals of promise, from men who knew not their value, and to shift off young animals of no promise, to men who knew not their worthlessness. All this, he said, was according to law, upheld by public sentiment, and agreeable to his conscience. I considered the subject of sanctification in the light of loving God with all my heart, and loving my neighbour as myself—not so much a work of the emotions as of the judgment—a work, not of one moment, but of a life-time; agreement, union, and harmony with God; self lost in humanity; self lost in God; living for the honor of God and for human welfare, at all times, seven days in a week, three hundred and sixty-five in a year; in all places, at home and abroad; in the sanctuary, at the mill, or at the market; in all business; labouring, buying or selling.

"I went into the woods and prayed for sanctification, when the Lord said, 'Dost thou love my will, my law, and my government with all thy heart?' I said, 'I do, Lord;' and the Lord said: 'Dost thou love thy neighbour as thyself?' I answered, 'I do, Lord.'

The Lord said: 'Very well, and now, Jacob, prove thy word in thy life.' I went to my home in a happy frame, singing hymns. A week after this I took down a work on military science, and was reading, having a great ambition for martial fame. The Lord said: 'Jacob, remember thy word.' I saw my ambition was self; I dropped the book, and never took it up again. I made an arrangement to join a lodge of Masons, was on my way, riding fast, when the Lord said: 'Jacob, remember thy word.' I saw my desire to be a Mason was self; I turned and rode home. I had coveted two colts which I knew would become horses of great value. They were rough and lean, and the owner, not knowing their value, would sell them low. I was on my way to buy them. The Lord said: 'Jacob, remember thy word.' I saw I was not loving my neighbour as myself; I went on, and said, 'Peter, keep your colts; they will make the most valuable horses among all I know.' Peter said, 'I do not think them valuable; but I believe you, for you and your brother know more about horses than any men I ever saw; I would give a thousand dollars for your knowledge. But now, Mr. Schoonerhoven, the fact is, I must sell them to save my house and land, which is mortgaged.' 'I will lend you the money,' I said, 'to save your house; keep your colts.' He did keep them, and finally sold them for five hundred dollars.

"A man came to me to buy city lots. I was about to take the price he offered, when the Lord said, 'Jacob, remember thy word.' I said, 'Mr. Broderick, I cannot in conscience sell you those lots, as that part of the city must fail in a few years.' It did fail, and I turned those lots into a farm.

"Thus my sanctification went on. These lessons were never forgotten; self was banished from my buying and selling, the quick discernment of the value of property, and the foresight of coming changes which the Creator had given me, I no more used for my own increase and wealth. It was evident to me that no man could gain wealth by speculation, and yet love his neighbour as himself. I have instructed hundreds of the honest, industrious poor, and kept them from the gins of speculators. My eye was single, my light increased, and my knowledge of right and wrong, of justice and humanity; my perception became keen to understand what was consistent with loving my neighbour as myself, to understand what it was to do to others as I would be done by.

"One morning I was awakened by the voice of the Lord, 'Jacob,

arise and be sanctified. Remember thy word.' I arose, and coming from my lodging room, I met a committee of three, informing me that for the part which I took in an anti-slavery meeting, I must recant or come to trial. I remembered my word, stood my trial, and was excluded. To be separated from the Church of my early choice tore my heart. The Lord said, 'Jacob, lovest thou Me more than these?' I answered, 'Yea, Lord, I love Thee more than all.' The cause of temperance long before cost me a similar trial.

"I had from early life set apart all of my income, above the plain support of my family, for charity, and with much prayer sought for the most needy. I passed a day under the clear impression that a sore trial was coming. At evening I stopped in my barn and cried, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' The Lord said, 'Jacob, art thou ready to be sanctified in the loss of all?' I said, 'Yea, Lord, take all. Thou gavest, and if Thou takest away, blessed be Thy name.'

"I answered a rap by stepping to the door. Three fugitive slaves, a mother and two daughters, were there. The mother mournfully said, 'Will you send us back?' And the Lord said, Jacob, wilt thou obey My laws or the laws of man?' I answered, 'I will obey Thy laws, Lord.' 'Come in,' I said. I landed them in Canada. I went to jail, and lost all—house, land, herd, and flock. I have gathered a little by hard work in old age. This little cottage is mine, with a few acres of land. My God is reconciled, my peace is like a river, and my treasure is in heaven."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

EXAMPLE.

THE tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

— *Longfellow.*

THE "ROCK OF AGES."

THE southern coast of England has been the birthplace of the grandest hymns in our language. Within that belt of land, sacred to devout poesy, Charles Wesley caught the inspiration of many of his hymns; and there, we believe, he composed that delicious love-lay of the heart,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

On the shores of Hampshire mused and sang good Isaac Watts; and in the same county modest Anne Steele breathed forth her tender songs of consolation. In old Kent lived Edward Perronett, who struck that thrilling note,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

In beautiful Devonshire the Rev. Henry F. Lyte chanted his last sweet melody,

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide."

A few miles from him dwelt Charlotte Elliott, the sister of a clergyman, who went about doing good; but the grandest work God ever put into her hands was to write,

"Just as I am, without one plea."

Devonshire is certainly honoured above all the shires of Britain, for on that poetic soil Augustus Toplady gave birth to the most glorious hymn of modern times—the "Rock of Ages." The "Dies Iræ" is the king of mediæval hymns; but of modern songs of Zion, the "Rock of Ages" wears the crown.

It is a curious fact that the spiritual birthplace of the heart which fashioned this hymn was *a barn!* Augustus Toplady was the son of a British officer. After Major Toplady's death, his widow took the lad Augustus on a visit to Ireland. While at Codymain, the boy of sixteen found his way into a barn, where an earnest but uneducated layman was preaching on the text, "Ye, who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." The homespun preacher "builded better than he knew," for his sermon converted the soul which gave to the Church of God the "Rock of Ages." Probably that obscure Irish preacher

has overheard ten thousand echoes of his simple sermon in the heavenly world. Toplady was ordained to the ministry in 1762, and began to preach on the banks of the Otter. His career was a short one, for he died at the age of thirty-eight. He worked fiercely. James Hamilton says of him, that, "like a racehorse, all nerve and fire, his life was on tiptoe, and his delight was to get over the ground." He composed in hot haste. Certainly some of his sharp controversial papers were thrown off as from a furnace, for they scorched terribly.

Even when he wrote his magnificent masterpiece, the "Rock of Ages," he could not resist the temptation to give a thrust at those who, he insisted, were believers in "Perfectionism." So he entitled his hymn, when he printed it, "A living and dying prayer of the *holiest believer* in the world." This is as much as if he had said: "The most sanctified soul in the world must come down on his knees, and confess, 'Nothing in my hand I bring,' and, '*Vile* I to this fountain fly.'"

Glorious child of song! he has gone where the strife of tongues has ceased, and controversies are for ever hushed. Perhaps he and Wesley have sung each other's hymns in glory, and been puzzled to find out how it was they ever seemed to disagree.

Toplady's hymn is as universally popular as the sunshine or the vernal flowers. It has been translated into almost every tongue. Dr. Pomeroy went into a church in Constantinople, where a company of Armenians were singing a hymn which so moved them that the tears were trickling down their cheeks. He inquired what they were singing. A man present translated the words, and lo! they were the dear old lines of "Rock of Ages!" When Prince Albert was dying, we are told, his lips feebly murmured the sweet words of Toplady's hymn. And so it came about that the dying *Prince* laid hold of those precious thoughts which had their original root in the rude discourse of an obscure layman in an Irish barn!

We do not dare to attempt any critical analysis of Toplady's wonderful hymn. Just as soon would we pull a rose to pieces to find out where the delicious odour was lurking. The hymn itself is absolute *perfection*. Of all its lines, we think the two finest are these:

> "Nothing in my hand I bring,
> Simply to Thy cross I cling."

No words can express more beautifully the entire empty-handedness with which a poor, weak, sinful soul comes to grasp the Divine Redeemer as its only hope. The essence of the Gospel is in this matchless couplet. It has wrought itself into ten thousand prayers for pardon; it has been the condensed "confession of faith" for ten thousand penitents.

This glorious hymn yet waits for a tune worthy of it. The one in ordinary use is by no means of the highest order. Some master of music ought to compose an "air" which shall describe the majestic onward and upward movement of the thought to its sublime climax. The whole hymn is a fervent outcry of a broken heart to Jesus. It begins in the plaintive confession:

> "Not the labour of my hands
> Can fulfil Thy law's commands."

Then the suppliant owns that he is naked, empty-handed, and helpless and vile, and calls out imploringly—

> "*Wash me, Saviour, or I die!*"

Then his bursting heart begins to yearn and stretch onward. It reaches on to the dread hour when the heart-strings are snapping at the touch of death. It sweeps out into eternity—it soars to the judgment-seat. It beholds the great white throne! And, casting itself down before that throne, it pours forth its last piercing but triumphant cry:

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> *Let me hide myself in Thee!*"

AN IDLE PRAYER.

LONG time I prayed: "My God,
More of Thy love abroad
Help me to show."

This day it flashed on me
I had prayed thoughtlessly;
More I should *know*.

So when I seek His face,
I shall pray: "Greater grace,
Dear Lord, bestow!"

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Our Superannuates.

No class of the Church's servants have stronger claims upon its generous sympathy and support than its aged superannuates. They have largely contributed to make Methodism in Canada what it is to-day; nay, to make Canada itself what it is to-day. No one can read the accounts given by Dr. Ryerson in his admirable series of papers now passing through this MAGAZINE, of the trials and privations of the fathers and founders of Methodism in "this Canada of ours," of the hardships which they underwent, the sacrifices they made, their heroic endeavours, their passionate zeal, their unwearying love for souls, their ill-requited labours, without a thrill of admiration. Yet not a few of these men still linger among us—men who have been the pioneers and pathfinders of Methodism in the ever-advancing van of civilization and religion. They have been the Church's conscripts, who have fought its most arduous battles and won its most glorious victories. Now that their day of warfare is over, now that they are worn out in its service, it is the privilege and the duty of the Church to support in comfort their declining years.

They have foregone the opportunities of getting rich by secular effort, which were within their reach. They have not shared the material prosperity of those for whom they laboured. The hardy settler to whom, in his log cabin, they broke the bread of life, has seen the forest fall beneath his axe and give place to broad clearings and fertile farms—the log house to the comfortable mansion. He eats the fruit and reaps the reward of his own honest industry in leisured competence. Not so the faithful itinerant. His work was to save souls. He had no time to make money. His was the more glorious harvestage of the skies. All the treasure he could lay up was treasure in heaven. At the call of the Church he removed from place to place—from one field of toil to another—he had no abiding home, nor any opportunity of providing one for his old age.

Is it not the obligation of those who have profited by his labours, and who have grown rich in this world's goods while he has grown poor, to share with him their abundance? to repay, in some degree at least, the incalculable debt they owe? as they have received of his spiritual things, to bestow on him their temporal things? These venerable men have passed out of the public view of the Church. They have retired into sequestered spots and quiet villages, where their little means may be expended as economically as possible in the support of their closing years. They cannot plead for themselves. They would not if they could. They look to the Church which they served, to the people on whose behalf the years of their prime were given and their best energies expended, to remember them in their age and enforced cessation from their life-toil. In many cases there is only a partial cessation from labour, if even partial; for not a few of our superannuates preach almost every Sunday, for which they receive nothing but the joy of doing good.

Yet, through the depression in trade and the extreme stringency of the times, and the increased demands, through the increase of claimants, made upon the Superannuated Fund of the Church, that Fund has proved altogether inadequate to meet the just claims of those dependent upon it. Year after year their allowance, only too meagre if paid in full, has had to be cut down again and again, till it is less than two-thirds of what they have a right to expect. All the years of their active service they have been themselves contributing largely to this fund, and it has to a serious degree failed them in the time of their need. It con-

cerns the honour of the Church to come to their aid; to see that their little allowance is at least paid in full, and not year by year subjected to a serious reduction. The Civil Service of the country dispenses a liberal superannuation pension to its superannuated servants. So do the municipal corporations. So do great companies and business-houses. So also should the Christian Church.

As the appeal is made in all our societies and classes on behalf of our superannuated ministers, let the response be worthy of the occasion. Let it be largely increased, so as to meet the urgent claims upon it. Let each congregation and every contributor feel that they are giving, not to an impersonal "Society," or to men whom they do not know and have never seen, but that they are discharging a just obligation to their own pastors of former years—to the venerable men whose words of warning awoke their own souls from the slumber of sin, whose words of counsel led them into the way of life; to the true and tried friends who shared their household joys and sorrows, who baptized their children, who stood by them in their hours of gloom, and spoke words of comfort to their souls as they buried their beloved dead. Let them by loving sympathy and by generous support endeavour to repay in part that debt, and so enable our aged and worn-out ministers to feel that they are not forgotten—that they are beloved and honoured and generously treated by the Church for which they have laboured. As they think of the spiritual children whom in many parts of the land they have begotten, let them be spared the bitterness of feeling in any degree

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child."

Mission Work—What a Cent a Day will Do.

The Rev. Dr. Burns, Principal of the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, at the Missionary anniversary of the Metropolitan Church in this city, took the ground that the missionary efforts of our own Church and of all the Churches of Christendom were utterly inadequate to the necessities of the case, and of the abilities and obligation of the membership of those Churches. He showed that for the great M. E. Church of the United States the contributions for Foreign Missions amounted to only one-third of one cent per week for each member; and that in Canada, although we give about two cents a week per member for missions, the greater part of this is used in domestic missions. How long, he asks, before the world will be converted at this slow rate? No one will say, he argued, that one cent a day per member is too great a sum to ask for this great work. Yet that insignificant sum would give $7,000,000 a year for the Methodism of this continent. This would keep an army of 7,000 missionaries in the field, at a cost of $1,000 each. In our own Church, assuming its membership to be 115,000, it would give $449,750 from the members alone. But if we include also adherents, who swell the number to half a million, it would yield $1,825,000 instead of the $140,000 or $150,000 of our ordinary missionary income. Yet, we venture to say that more than this large amount is spent by these half million of persons annually in the not only useless, but pernicious use of tobacco.

The trouble about these averages is to ensure the collection of these small sums at regular intervals. Almost any one would give a cent a day or thirty cents a month; but when it comes to $3 65 at one time, for a whole year, they are very often unable or unwilling to give it. Now in some churches, notably in some Presbyterian Churches we know, regular weekly or monthly collections are made for mission purposes. Can we not have something of the sort in our Church? Much may be done in the Sunday-schools to promote this habit of regular giving.

In addition to this, there ought to be a missionary box in each house, and, as a little act of daily consecration to the cause of missions, each member of the house should be encouraged to give—is one cent a day too much, in view of God's great gift of His Son for us? These offer-

ings should be collected at least once a month. It could easily be arranged through the medium of the Sunday-school. The authorities of the Mission Rooms at Toronto will gladly furnish neat and ornamental missionary boxes and collecting books to the superintendent of any school, or the teacher of any class, who will see to their distribution and the regular collection and remittance of their contents. These officers can greatly, almost inconceivably, help the cause of missions by undertaking to work this simple plan. Will they not do so for the glory of God, the salvation of perishing souls, and the moral training in the grace of giving of the children and households under their influence?

The Extension Fund a Loan Fund.

The Rev. J. S. Ross, B.A., of London, publishes in the *Guardian* for March 24th, an important communication urging that the Extension Fund now being raised by the special effort of our Church be employed exclusively as a Loan Fund, to assist the building of new churches and parsonages in the newly-settled districts of the North-West. He shows the great advantage of such a fund in the M. E. Church of the United States, in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain, and in other churches. We have been struck, in reading the reports of the English Loan Fund, with the vast benefits which it confers. The money is loaned for short periods to trustees of needy churches at a low rate of interest, and has, with scarce an exception, been promptly repaid, and sent forth on its mission of mercy over and over again. Many places of worship have thus been erected in neighbourhoods where, without this help, it would have been impossible. If the benefits are so manifest in an old country, where money is cheap, they will be much more manifest in a new country like our own North-West, where capital is scarce and the rates of interest high.

If we are to enter the doors of opportunity that God is opening on every hand in our great inheritance in that North-West; if we are to maintain the hereditary missionary character of Methodism, and to follow with the Gospel the tide of immigration that is flowing into that country, we must stud the whole region with modest yet serviceable places of worship. In the first two or three years of the settler's life amid those new scenes it will demand every effort to get a roof over his head and subsistence for his family till the virgin soil can be made to yield its riches. Yet he must not wait till then for a place to worship God. That is a first essential of religious welfare and even of civilization. A judicious loan at this time will be worth more than a free gift at a later date. In, say, four or five years, the rapid development of the country will render its repayment easy. In the meantime it shall have enabled Methodism to send down a strong tap root from which shall grow unnumbered blessings through all after-time.

For the details of the scheme we must refer our readers to Mr. Ross's article. He proposes the organization of a Church Extension Board, which shall manage the proportion of money resulting from the present effort of the Church which is to be devoted to Church extension, and that this money be loaned for the purpose of aiding church building in these new regions at five per cent. interest, and in cases of extreme urgency without interest at all.

The easiest way to dispose of this money, he says, is to give it away in missionary grants. But to give it away is to procure only a local and temporary advantage; to loan it is to make it a widespread and perpetual blessing, bearing precious fruit long after the original donors are sleeping in the dust. To help a people by a judicious and timely loan to help themselves, is better than a donation, as it cultivates a spirit of self-reliance; and the return of loans will furnish means to aid others.

The following remarks of the late Bishop Kingsley express the judgment of some of the wisest minds of

American Methodism on the benefits of the Loan Fund of that Church; and similar benefits, we think, would result from a similar fund in Canada: "I can think of nothing," he says, "that impresses me more favourably, or as favourably, as putting money into this Loan Fund, to go on repeating itself, and reproducing its blessings from age to age. It don't stop simply with the first blessing. It helps to build one church, and it comes back with the glad tidings of what it has done, and goes again and builds, or helps to build, another church, and coming back again, says, 'Here am I, send me,' and goes again and again."

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The English Wesleyan Chapel Committee has just issued their twenty-fifth report. During the past year permission was given to erect or enlarge 374 churches, to cost no less than $1,577,100.

Ecclesiastical bigotry exerts great influence in many parts of England, which influence is often exerted to oppose Methodism. The report mentions three places where "the cause has failed," and the places of worship as a consequence had to be sold. This is a matter which causes great regret. The report, however, in other respects gives wonderful evidence of vitality among "the people called Methodists," who, besides supporting their own ministers and all local interests, contribute more than $500,000 for Foreign Missions, and an immense amount for the Thanksgiving Fund—the last report announces the receipts to exceed $1,250,000—and yet contribute $1,500,000 annually for material extension alone.

City Road Chapel, London, was much damaged some time ago by fire, but the trustees have wisely resolved that it shall be restored as near as possible to its original state, but with a better ceiling and better lighting and ventilation. The monuments and tablets will also be restored. Workmen are now busy, and it is confidently hoped that the building will be ready for the meeting of Conference in July. As an evidence of the interest that is felt in this grand old place of worship, to which Mr. Wesley himself was so attached, it may be stated that photographs of the interior and exterior have been taken, and an order for 20,000 copies was received in a few days.

In the Monthly Missionary Notices the Rev Owen Watkins writes from Natal, South Africa, detailing a tour which he had recently made, in which he rode 400 miles on horseback. He tells of a local preacher who walked 200 miles in a fortnight, preaching everywhere the Gospel. This devoted man is a schoolmaster, and performed this amount of labour during his vacation. Many of the people came long distances. A revival had broken out at one place, at which many heathen women were converted. Some of their husbands forbade them attending the services. One of the women so persecuted took ill, and her husband sent for a native local preacher, who found the dying woman trusting in Jesus and assuring her attendants that she was going to heaven.

There have been some terrific storms in the West Indies, which have caused great destruction of property and loss of life. In some instances the chapels were torn down even to the foundations. In one island it is believed that at least $500,000 will be required to repair

the damages, and alas! some seventy lives were lost. The poor people are but ill able to endure these losses. Some of them have lost their all. Two of the missionaries narrowly escaped with their lives.

American Methodist Episcopal Church.

The annual meeting of the Book Committee has just been held. The net profits of the Book Concern at New York for the year is $71,155 93. The net profits of the Western Book Concern are $27,807 14. The sales of books both at New York and Cincinnati and at the various depositories are much less than the preceding year. The circulation of some of the *Advocates* is very large, but that of some of the other periodicals is much reduced, owing, no doubt, to the general depression which has prevailed in all departments of business.

Great preparation is being made for the General Conference, which is to meet at Cincinnati in May. Delegates will be present from all the Conferences in the United States and its Territories, as well as the Mission Conferences in Europe and Asia. The anticipated expense is estimated at $40,000, which has to be raised by collections.

The General Conference will be in session at least a month, during which a daily *Advocate* will be published, giving a full account of each day's proceedings. Many important matters will be discussed, as the appointment of additional bishops, the mode of electing presiding elders, lay delegation to the Annual Conferences. Representatives will be present from the parent body in England, our own Church, etc., and various other Churches.

It is expected also that a meeting of the joint committees of the Œcumenical Council will be held a few days previous to the General Conference.

The Rev. William Butler, D.D., has for some time past been engaged on behalf of the Freedmen, and he has set his heart upon establishing a Theological College in Baltimore, for coloured candidates for the ministry. He expects to raise the required amount, and hopes that by the end of summer the college will be completed, and the work of training actually commenced.

Dr. Maclay, Superintendent of the Missions in Japan, has recently sent a most interesting letter from that important mission field, in which he states that the Committee which has been engaged in translating the New Testament into the Japanese language has at length completed its labours. The work has been in hand about five years.

A valuable addition has been made to the Japanese missionary staff in the person of the Rev Gideon F. Draper and wife, who is the youngest daughter of Chancellor E. O. Haven, Syracuse University. The young couple have just been married, and expect to devote their lives to missionary work in Japan.

As these notes are being prepared, news has reached the writer that the Rev. Dr. Dashiell, Missionary Secretary, died March 9th. Rev. Dr. Crane, a man of great ability both as a preacher and writer, has also finished his course. These deaths coming so soon after that of Bishop Haven, are a great loss to the Church.

In sixteen months the cosmopolitan evangelist, Rev. William Taylor, D.D., has sent out in his independent mission, forty-six missionaries to various fields in South America, to which number twenty will be immediately added.

Methodist Church of Canada.

The returns made respecting the Extension Fund have reached the noble sum of $102,555, nearly $60,000 of which have been paid. The regular missionary income is also very gratifying, as the amount promised for the two funds exceeds $200,000.

The intelligence received at the Mission Rooms from the distant fields is of the most gratifying nature. Dr. Young writes from Manitoba respecting his visit to Morris, which is about forty miles from Winnipeg and twenty-eight from Emerson.

Dr. Young has established a fortnightly appointment at Rosseau Crossing, where there is a small village and a railway station, and in the neighbourhood of which a considerable number of members and adherents of our Church reside. Dr. Young intends to visit settlements along the Red River, in Dakota and Minnesota, where large numbers of our people have settled The Tabernacle at Emerson has been dedicated, and Dr. Young has taken possession of the new parsonage. There are now seventeen active labourers at work for Christ and His people in the English-speaking localities of our prairie country.

The Rev. A. W. Ross writes very encouragingly from Berens River. He is much pleased with his Sabbath work, especially the Sabbath-school, and appeals for a library of second-hand books, as he is not able to purchase them himself. Many volumes could be spared from our Sunday-school libraries in all the Conferences, which would be a great boon to our brethren in poor localities. Bro. Ross had an interview with Peter Stoney, Chief of the Blood River band, who told Lord Dufferin that he wanted neither minister nor teacher in his band. Bro. Ross intends to visit Chief Stoney again.

Items.

Here is a bit of missionary history, which, while it presents a precious record, illustrates at the same time the remarkable leadings of Divine Providence in the accomplishment of a great work. Kasha Yacob, who is connected with a Methodist mission in Persia, originally began to travel about Russia to find a lost brother. But the sight of unconverted souls on every hand affected his heart. From selling trinkets with which to pay his way, he bought Russian Bibles and Testaments, and turned colporteur on his own account. He was greatly encouraged by the eagerness with which the people sought the bread of life, and he had the happiness of pointing many a lost one to the Saviour. He returned from a visit to Oroomiah some years ago, when he was ordained as an evangelist During eleven of the twenty years spent by him in Russia, he has laboured among a class calling themselves Malecane—Mennonites—and with great success. He has baptized fifteen hundred souls, and ordained eleven ministers of the Gospel.

The Primitive Methodist Missionary Society of England is $50,000 in debt. A debt of $8,500 is also due on account of the Mission to Fernando Po. Efforts are being made to reduce those liabilities. The members of the Church are asked to contribute twenty-five cents each towards the former amount, and the Sabbath-school children are engaged with collecting cards endeavouring to raise a sufficient sum to liquidate the latter. Some of the schools have already raised creditable sums.

Notwithstanding the depressed condition of business, several new places of worship are in course of erection—one at Derby which cost $40,000, and $25,000 of this amount was collected by the day of dedication.

The great revival at St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, Rev. J. C. Peck, D.D., pastor, last winter, resulting in the addition of about four hundred members, is followed by another revival this winter. On Monday, January 26th, an all-night prayer-meeting was held for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, which was a most remarkable occasion—quiet but powerful, a real Pentecost.

The *Evangelist* says that 40,000 of our 292,000 Indians can write, and 30,000 are members of Churches. The fact is proved beyond a doubt that the Indian is capable of being civilized.

Death of Rev. J. Hart.

We regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. Joseph Hart, ex-President of the New Brunswick Conference. He was pastor of the Centenary Church, St. John, in which city he died on Friday, the 19th ult. His death was not unex-

pected, as his illness had been protracted. He was deservedly held in high esteem by his brethren, who had honoured him with the highest office in their power. When we last saw him, at the General Conference in Montreal, he bade fair fair to give many years of valuable service to the Church. But God, in His inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to call him, at the comparatively early age of forty-six, from labour to reward.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Nineteenth Century: A History. By ROBERT MACKENZIE. London: Nelson & Co.; and Methodist Book-Rooms. Cr. 8vo, pp. 463. Price $2.60.

The lovers of the past who assert that the former days were better than these, have never, we think, rightly studied either the present or the past. The Moderns, says Bacon, are the true Ancients—we "the heirs of all the ages—foremost in the files of time." "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Greater have been the political emancipation, social amelioration, religious and intellectual education, material progress and general betterment of mankind in the last half century than in all the ages that have gone before. Let him who doubts this proposition investigate the evidences of its truth marshalled in this volume. In the progress of the ages we feel that "as the great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change, through the shadow of the past we sweep into the nobler day;" that the hand of Providence is day by day forging link by link the world-history whereby

> "The whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The present eventful century dawned upon Europe, awaking from the hideous nightmare of the Reign of Terror, only to be fettered by the despotism of the Corsican conqueror. Europe has not seen since—may she never seen again!—such wide-wasting war, such utter wretchedness of the oppressed peoples, such an illusive glare of military glory as during the brief but dire tyranny of that scourge of the nations, who left a "name at which the world turned pale," and "shut the doors of mercy on mankind." Our author's picture of the social condition of Great Britain early in the century is, compared with the vast amelioration that has taken place, appalling. Drunkenness in all ranks was rife. "A general coarseness of manners prevailed. Profane swearing was the constant practice of gentlemen. Ladies swore orally and in their letters. Erskine swore at the bar; Lord Thurlow swore upon the bench. The King (George IV.) swore incessantly. Society clothed itself with cursing as with a garment." The author attributes the great change which has taken place in public morals largely to the pure domestic life of the Queen's household. Food was scarce, taxation high, pauperism increasing, the criminal laws of atrocious severity, the press-gang a terror; discipline in the army, navy, in prisons and asylums, brutal; slavery was "iniquity framed into a law," and white slaves—English women and children—toiled in mine and factory. Thank God, under the impulse of the quickened philanthropy of the age most of these wrongs have been redressed—a page in our country's history brighter than that of its grandest military triumphs.

The victories of peace—of industrial and commercial development, of scientific discovery and mechanical invention—of the steam-engine, steamships, railroads, canals, the printing-press and telegraph—are here recorded A noble chapter is that on the history of Christian missions and Christian charities. The beneficent influence of British rule

in India is traced, the tragic scenes of the mutiny sketched, the astonishing recent development of India shown, and the grandeur of our great colonial empire outlined.

The simultaneous struggle toward representative institutions and responsible government in France, Prussia, Austria, and Italy, and even Russia, with the frequent repressions and outbursts of revolutions which have attended the movement, are lucidly sketched. As an instance of the benefits of unification in Germany is cited the consolidation of four hundred "powers" into one empire, and the abolition of the custom-houses representing twenty-nine hostile tariffs on the Rhine. The grand story of Italian nationalization, in spite of the reactionary efforts of the papacy, is clearly told. The atrociousness of Turkish rule in Europe, its malign influence and its rapid decline, are shown, and a chapter devoted to the United States.

This book is indispensable to any one who would have a clear conception of the recent progress of Europe. All the western nations, our author says, are now free and self-governing, and the eastern nations are likely soon to become so. No other book extant covers the ground. Mr. Mackenzie does not affect a cold impartiality in his narrative. He writes with ardent sympathy with the political emancipation and social progress of humanity, and this sympathy he does not attempt to conceal. Some of his views may be coloured by his opinions, but his narrative of facts has been carefully verified.

Since reading this work, we observe that the Harpers announce a reprint of it for fifteen cents—a boon to the private reader, but a piratical outrage on the English author.

The Ages before Moses: A Series of Lectures on the Book of Genesis. By JOHN MONRO GIBSON, D.D. New York: Randolph & Co.; and Methodist Book-Rooms. 12mo, pp. 258. Price $1.25.

The Gospel in Genesis is a subject with which most Christians are less familiar than they should be. A careful study of that book will give juster and grander views of God's dealings with the race than most of us possess. Though occupying so few pages, it yet covers half the time-history of the world from Adam to Christ. Dr. Gibson's elucidation of his august theme is the most clear, conclusive, intellectually instructive, and religiously edifying that we have anywhere seen. He posseses singular felicity of illustration and keen perceptions of the analogies, parallelisms, and typology of Scripture. While conspicuously free from the charge of allegorizing, he carefully subordinates the bare literalism which has given rise to such erroneous interpretation of this book to a just conception of the spiritual truths which it is especially designed to teach. We often lose the real significance of the Bible narrative, he remarks, by not noting the perspective of the Bible. In using the microscope of minute textual inspection, we lose sight of its grand telescopic star depths and celestial distances, which a wider study will reveal. He nevertheless focuses on two texts, the Messianic prophecies in Gen. 3. 15 and 49. 10, all the light that the most minute and critical study can give. The scientific difficulties alleged with reference to the creation of the world and of Adam and Eve, the Temptation and Fall, the Serpent and the Tree of Life, the Deluge and Babel, and the Antiquity of Man, are patiently examined, and, we think, satisfactorily answered. The clear and lucid exposition gives a fascinating interest to those lectures. The importance of the subject and the ability with which it is treated makes this book one of the most noteworthy of the recent issues of the press. We are not surprised that it has so soon reached a second edition, and shall anticipate with much interest the author's forthcoming lectures on the Mosaic Era—a continuation of the present series. It is a peculiar gratification to us that an old classmate of our own at University College, Toronto, should have laid the Christian world under such deep obligation by his admirable volume.

Christian Theology: Its Doctrines and Ordinances Explained and Defended. By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D. Seventeenth Thousand. Cr. 8vo, pp. 756. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.; and Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax

The learned and accomplished author of this work is to be congratulated that its remarkable success has called for a new edition. There are few works on systematic theology which have reached the extraordinary issue of 17,000 copies. This is the best possible proof that the intrinsic merits of the work are such as to make it one of the most desirable of its class. The author has made the issue of a new edition the opportunity for revising and extending the whole work, which is now 120 pages larger than the edition previously reviewed in this Magazine. Among the more important additions are chapters on The Province of Reason on Subjects of Divine Revelation, the Doctrine of Future Punishment, the Testimony of the Ancient Jewish Church on the Doctrine of the Trinity, and other cognate subjects. This revision brings the work abreast of the latest discussions in theology. The author has well carried out his purpose to meet without reserve the objections which Infidelity, German Neology, Unitarianism, Formalism, Universalism, Popery and other systems of error oppose to the precious truths of the Gospel, and thus to furnish a defence as well as an exposition of Doctrinal Christianity. We would like to see this book in the hands of all probationers for the ministry. We know of none in which, in the same space, is given so admirable and so symmetrical a treatment of the grand themes of Christian Theology.

A Day with Christ. By the Rev. SAMUEL COX. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 12mo, pp. 243. Price $1.

The plan of this book is, so far as we know, unique. It collates from the Synoptic Gospels the narrative of a single day in the life of our Lord —a day of comparative rest at home among His disciples. Yet into this day were crowded five miracles and four other important events. How full of active beneficence must that holy life have been! The study of these miracles and acts is exceedingly thoughtful and devout. The author, on the authority of Eusebius, identifies the woman whose malady of twelve years' standing was healed, as Veronica of Cæsarea. She must not be confounded with the St. Veronica whose colossal statue stands beneath the St. Peter's Dome, who is feigned to have received the imprint of our Lord's face in a handkerchief which she gave Him wipe His face as He toiled beneath His cross on the way to Calvary. This sacred napkin is annually exhibited to the faithful at Rome, but at such a height above their head that no trace of the portrait, if it exists, can be discerned.

Anglo-American Bible Revision; its Necessity and Purpose. American S. S. Union; pp. 192. Price 75 cents.

As the time approaches for the completion of the New Testament revision, the subject attracts even greater attention. This little book gives full information as to the methods of revision and the need for it. It discusses the circumstances under which the former revision took place; the state of Hebrew and Greek philology at the time and their progress since; the state of the sacred text, both in MS. and in early versions; the archaisms of the Bible, use of italics and proper names in the authorized version, and many other topics of exceeding interest to every preacher, teacher, or reader of the Bible. The names of Drs. Schaff, Woolsey, Osgood, Kendrick, Dwight, Strong, and other contributors are a guarantee of the high class of the articles.

The Exploration of the World. By JULES VERNE. 8vo, pp. 432. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a comparatively worthless book. The reputed author who

writes the preface can hardly have read the book. "It will demonstrate," he says, "what manner of men the great travellers have been from the time of Hanno and Herodotus down to that of Livingston and Stanley." Yet the book only comes down to the close of the 17th century! Even for the period it covers it is meagre, scrappy and unsatisfactory. The wonder is how such a paltry book found such magnificent embodiment. It is embellished with over a hundred fine French engravings, many of them reproductions of old prints and maps. They are by far the most valuable portion. The artist, however, has in places drawn upon his imagination quite as much as the author in his extravagant romances. "A Canadian Landscape," for instance, shows feathery-foliaged palms and creeping plants like those of a tropical jungle.

The Sunrise Kingdom; or, Life and Scenes in Japan. By Mrs. JULIA CARROTHERS. 12mo, pp. 408. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

Everything pertaining to Japan and to Christian missions there will be of interest to our readers. The author of this book has had ample opportunities, during a seven years' residence in that country, to become acquainted with Japanese life and character, manners and customs, and especially with woman's work for woman there. She gives a familiar account of the people and of her intercourse with them, which furnishes fresh evidence of the power of the Gospel to transform that old pagan life, and to recreate in the image of their Divine Master, those who have been all their lives under the benumbing influence of pagan superstition. Among the subjects specially treated are home and school life, holidays and festivals, pictures and books, games and toys, children's books, travelling and pilgrims, worship and superstitions. A personal interest is given to the narrative by the autobiographic vein in which the story is told. The book is very handsomely illustrated by numerous good engravings of Japanese scenes and incident.

Christian Union Necessary for Religious Progress and Defence. By JOHN F. HURST, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 8vo, pp. 35. Price 25c.

This is the address of the accomplished President of Drew Theological Seminary, delivered at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Basle, in Switzerland, last September. It has been expanded and annotated, and is now a masterly monograph on the important subject of which it treats.

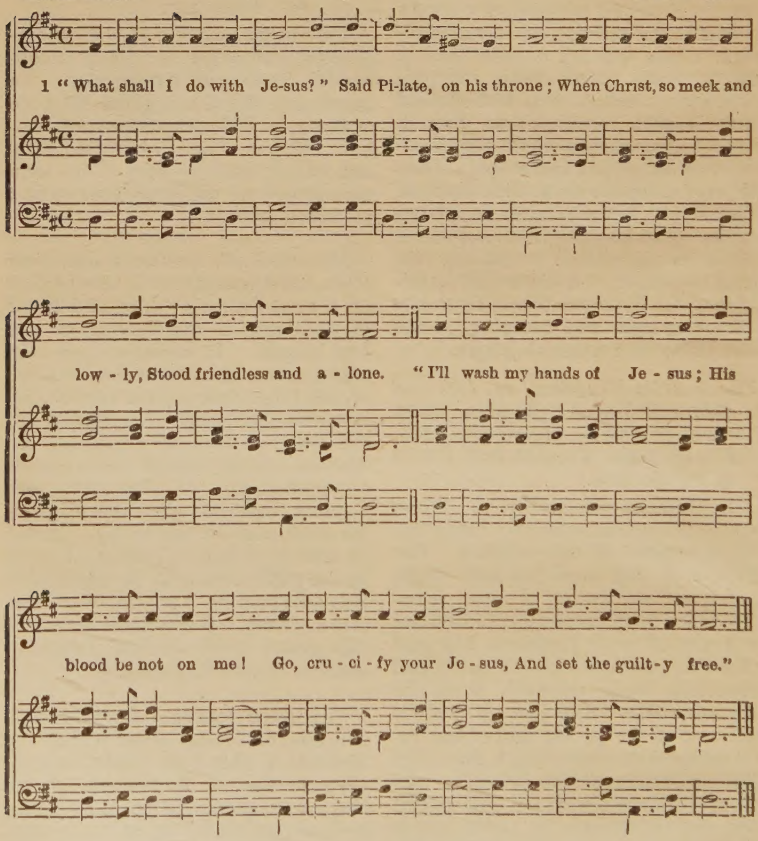
Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have brought out a new edition of Canon Farrar's "Life and Work of St. Paul," in one volume of 800 8vo pages. It contains all the maps, notes, indexes, and excursuses of the large two-volume edition, for just half the price. No student of the New Testament need now be without this invaluable aid to a fuller comprehension of the Acts and Pauline Epistles when this admirable work can be had for $3. It will be sent post free on receipt of price by the publisher, or by the Methodist Book-Rooms at Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. For a fuller notice of this grand work see the February number of this Magazine.

We have received from Messrs. Phillips & Hunt, New York, the Minutes of the Fall Conferences of 1879 of the M. E. Church of the United States (price 75c.). It makes a closely printed 8vo of 240 pages. It reports 6,711 preachers, an increase of 183; 12,343 Sunday-schools, an increase of 434½—although what *half* a school is we don't quite understand—and 856,858 scholars. The membership reported is 836,703, an increase of 7,720; and church property over $32,000,000, being an increase of over $4,000,000. And this, be it remembered, is a report of only about half of the Conferences.

"WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS?"

"What shall I do with Jesus."—MATT. xxvii. 22.

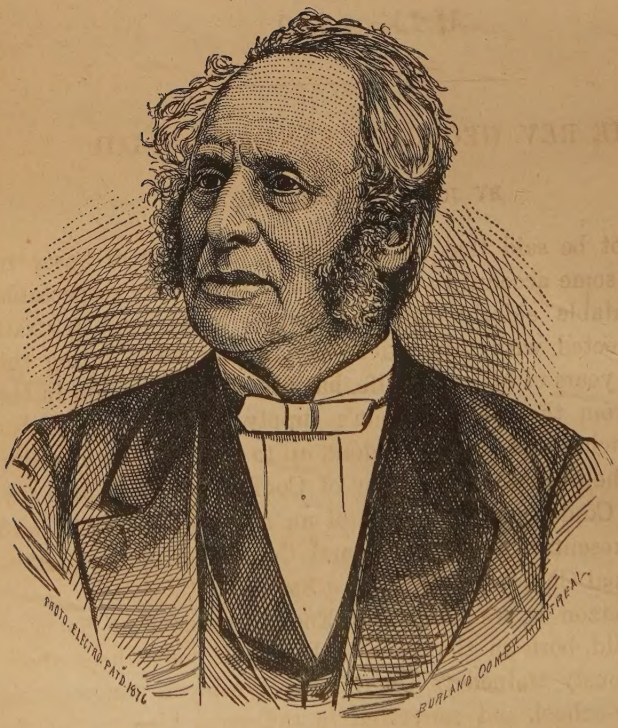
GEORGE TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.


1 "What shall I do with Je-sus?" Said Pi-late, on his throne; When Christ, so meek and
low-ly, Stood friendless and a-lone. "I'll wash my hands of Je-sus; His
blood be not on me! Go, cru-ci-fy your Je-sus, And set the guilt-y free."

2 "What shall I do with Jesus?"
The question comes again:
It echoes down the ages,
And through the hearts of men.
Oh, brother, look on Jesus;
Those pleading eyes ask thee,
What part hast thou in Jesus,
Who died on Calvary?

3 What will YOU do with Jesus?
Oh throbbing bosom, say;
Will you embrace this Jesus,
Or coldly turn away?
Oh, may His love o'ercome thee
As it hath conquered me;
Come, give yourself to Jesus,
And he will care for thee.

4 Oh, when the King of glory
Shall call up all His own;
And all the hosts assemble
Around the great white throne:
What hast THOU done with Jesus?
The Lord shall ask of thee:
Come, now! prepare thine answer!
What shall thine answer be?



REV. GEORGE R. SANDERSON, D.D.